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The Coyne Affair: Principles and Implications

J. DUNCAN EDMONDS

► THE CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT has once again proven the maxim that procrastination over a vital decision is eventually fatal. Had the government faced the recognized incompatibility between the Minister of Finance and the Governor of the Bank of Canada three years ago and amended the somewhat archaic Bank of Canada Act to ensure proper provision for such a situation, the tragedy which was enacted in Ottawa last June and July would have been avoided and the prestige of Canada's central bank spared a grievous blow. Instead, Mr. Fleming has sulked through these years, paying less and less attention to the Governor, until last February he did not even extend Coyne the courtesy of discussing an extensive memorandum which the governor had submitted to him. The situation reached its absurd limit last spring when Mr. Fleming did not once consult with Coyne about the 1961-2 budget. Suddenly, with only months remaining in Mr. Coyne's term, for some inexplicable reason the Minister decided to take action to remove the Governor immediately. On May 30th, at a private meeting, he requested Coyne's resignation. Coyne refused to resign under the Minister's conditions and took his case before the people. The chronology of the struggle which ensued including the proceedings in Parliament and the Governor's many sensational press releases, ending finally with the Senate rejecting the government's bill and Mr. Coyne's emotional vindication, will be familiar to most observant onlookers.

The one refreshing aspect of the "Coyne Affair" was the manner in which each of the participants justified his stand on fundamental principles. The government put the matter entirely in terms of sovereignty and argued that Coyne's intransigence represented a direct challenge to its right to rule. The Liberals stressed two fundamental principles throughout: the right of Parliament to examine a public official appointed by and responsible to Parliament, and the right of Coyne as a Canadian now protected by a Bill of Rights to have, in Mr. Pearson's phrase, "his day in court."

Coyne based his refusal to accede to Mr. Fleming's request for his resignation on his terms of appointment. He argued that he was a senior public official appointed by Parliament to hold office "during good behaviour" and not a Civil Servant holding office during "pleasure." In his lengthy statements before the Senate Banking and Commerce Committee, Coyne proved conclusively that none of the five reasons Mr. Fleming gave in demanding his resignation on May 30th constituted lack

of good behaviour. Indeed, Mr. Coyne's performance before the Senate committee was superb.

It does not matter what happens to James Coyne . . . but it does matter that certain principles must be upheld, or at any rate fought for, or we will have no principles left on which to rely in the future.

Such statements contributed to an overwhelming feeling both in the committee and amongst the Press that although somewhat obstinate, this was a man of great integrity. The governor's strategy in turning his defence entirely into a question of his personal honour was effected with consummate skill.

We may briefly dispose of the government's stand regarding its sovereignty. The principle that the Government is sovereign was conceded by both the Governor and the Liberals and was surely not the issue. Neither Mr. Coyne nor Mr. Pearson denied the government's right to govern: what they did deny and what has been symbolized by the Coyne affair is this government's capacity to govern. When the government spokesmen both in the House and in the Senate realized that this principle was not challenged they badly disgraced themselves by emphasizing Coyne's pension and his behaviour in office subsequent to May 30th. It is perhaps ironical that these two points, which may have the most public appeal, are under analysis the most irrelevant.

If consistency in politics is any virtue the Liberal Opposition certainly deserves credit. The Liberals had long been demanding that Coyne be called before the Commons Banking and Commerce committee. The Liberal contention that since Parliament appointed this man and since he is responsible to Parliament, then Parliament ought to have the right to call him before

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE COYNE AFFAIR: PRINCIPLES AND IMPLICATIONS — J. Duncan Edmonds	121
THREE VIEWS OF THE NEW PARTY CONVENTION — Ramsay Cook, H. Blair Neatby, Paul Fox	123
CANADIAN CALENDAR	126
BEHIND THE JAPANESE CULTURE CURTAIN — W. W. Conde	127
SIX POEMS FROM FINLAND — Lars von Haartman	132
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE (short story) — Norma Klein	133
STRATFORD 1961 — Jack Winter	137
TURNING NEW LEAVES — E. W. Mandel	140
BOOKS REVIEWED	141

a committee would appear constitutionally correct. Again, the Liberal argument that the traditions of British justice no less than the Canadian Bill of Rights gave Coyne a fundamental right to appear before Parliament appears equally irrefutable. Perhaps, if this is one of those relatively rare events in Canadian politics where there is a bona fide difference in principle between the two old parties and the Liberals this time find themselves on the side of justice, they may be forgiven for making as much political hay as they can.

What of Coyne's contention that there is a select group of public officials, including the Governor of the Bank of Canada, the Chief Electoral Officer, the Auditor-General, the Civil Service Commissioner and several others who are appointed by Parliament "during good behaviour" and who have an obligation to resist any government which attempts to remove them without proving cause? Do these officials act in the American tradition as a set of checks and balances against a tyrannical government? Was this the intention of our constitutional system? What constitutes lack of good behaviour? When one excludes morals and alcohol the precedents in Canada are virtually non-existent. The implications of this principle raised by the Governor beg consideration.

Whereas it is possible to delineate many of the principles of the Coyne affair the political implications are not so neatly disentangled. There is almost unanimous agreement, including that most tell-tale of all areas, government backbenchers, that Coyne's removal was badly handled and that the government suffered a major defeat over the issue. The government, in not allowing Coyne before a Commons committee—a course vigorously advocated by the Liberals—paid a heavy price for its preoccupation with short run politics. Mr. Fleming emerges having suffered a serious blow to his prestige. Indeed, in view of the evidence presented by Coyne and the Minister's refusal to appear before the Senate committee, one can only speculate that either Mr. Fleming has been a very incompetent administrator of the Department of Finance or else he has been less than fully truthful about his knowledge of such matters as the pension or his meetings with Mr. Coyne in the fall months of 1957. However, it takes a great deal to bring down a senior minister in Canadian politics and the rumblings for Mr. Fleming's resignation appear to have subsided.

Any thoughts the Prime Minister may have entertained about an election this fall have been altered by Mr. Coyne. Mr. Diefenbaker does have a potential election issue in Senate reform. He can refer to both the class or kind amendment and the Coyne bill and raise stirring arguments about the power of the people's elected representatives. If the Liberals make a major issue of Coyne, the Prime Minister will charge them with irresponsibility and argue that it is imperative to rebuild the prestige of the Bank of Canada and to restore the "delicate balance" which must exist between the Minister of Finance and the Governor and the Bank of Canada. He will accuse the Liberals of playing "cheap politics" and of acting against the best interests of the nation. No analysis of the government's tactics can overlook the fact that the Coyne drama was enacted at the end of a long dull session of Parliament to a nation on summer holidays. By delaying his election the Prime Minister may well count on a year's time lag to make the issue fuzzy enough to enable his pronouncements to be more powerful.

Does all this mean that the Coyne affair will fade into the annals of Canadian politics, to be remembered by thankful university presidents rather than raconteurs as a battle royal on the hustings? The answer rests largely with Mr. Pearson. Will he risk the consequences of hammering away at this issue, perhaps adding the tariff amendment, and defend the Senate as a bastion of freedom? Will he risk the Prime Minister's attacks about irresponsibility? Will he risk the government attempt to identify him with Coyne's economic views and pension? Mr. Pearson is a politician realistic enough to know that the simple facts that he has severely criticized Coyne's economic views and has emphatically branded the pension as "excessive" will not likely make much difference in the face of such an attack.

It is more likely that Mr. Pearson will give the Coyne affair high billing along with unemployment and their general incompetence in his list of indictments against the Diefenbaker administration. In this way he may well avoid the consequences of defending bankers, pensions and senators, and at the same time reap the benefits of the government's mismanagement of the episode. Handled carefully the Coyne affair should become a solid issue in the already bulging Liberal arsenal.

The political implications of the Coyne episode for the New Democratic Party can hardly be assessed without considering the wider prospects for this party. However, one point bears emphasis. If one assumes that the general political attitude in Canada today is one of concern over the state of the economy, always symbolized by the spectre of unemployment, combined with a feeling that the Diefenbaker government has completely failed to deal with the problem, and that for one reason or another the Liberals would not do much better, then the Coyne affair potentially may have profound effects for the New Democratic Party. A clue to one method of treating the issue was suggested by Walter Pitman on third reading of the Coyne bill.

I am sure the people of this nation are going to wonder to what extent policy at the top has meant suffering at the bottom.

THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE

The East Germans
are not running away
from Communism;
they're just coming
to tell us
(somewhat breathlessly)
how wonderful it all is.

IRVING LAYTON

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Three Views of the New Party Convention

A CALCULATED RISK

► GERARD FILION OF *Le Devoir*, one of the few editorial writers in Canada who is sympathetic to the New Democratic Party, wrote at the conclusion of the Ottawa festivities: "Two important points emerge from the Convention of the New Democratic Party: it is not socialist and it is federal!" Were these the characteristics that the party organizers wished to make obvious to the Canadian electorate? If so, is the movement a worthwhile addition to Canadian political life?

On one point there can be no doubt: the New Democratic party is a federal party in a far more emphatic manner than any other Canadian political organization. And it is federal as the word is understood by French-Canadian nationalists, for it explicitly accepts the bicultural character of Canadian society. There is one federal state in Canada, the party believes, but two distinct, and equal, cultures or nations! What this means in practice is that those who formulated the party program have recognized that the movement can only succeed, that is, ironically, if it can only become a "national party," if it is able to quiet French-Canadian fears of centralization. But it means more than just this particular fact of practical politics. It also means that an important segment of the New Democratic party has at last recognized that while Quebec politicians, both Liberal and Union National, have used nationalism as a reactionary force designed to prevent social change and social reform, nationalism can also be an instrument of social reform. The Bloc Populaire party of the 1940's, which most English Canadians saw only as an anti-conscriptionist, extreme autonomist party, was also a party of social reform, in some ways similar in social philosophy to the CCF.

It was only possible for the party to adopt this new view of federal relations because of the type of domestic policies it sets out in its new platform. In the thirties the CCF was fully committed to a wide, if undefined, range of public ownership. The CCF policy planners were largely convinced that only the Federal government was strong enough to deal with nationally organized business enterprises. Moreover, since much of the support for the CCF came from the most seriously depressed Western provinces, which had traditionally looked to the Federal government for support and assistance, centralization naturally had a deep impact on the CCF. Both of these conditions have now been altered. Firstly, while the New Democratic party, with a Western leader, will no doubt continue to gather support from that area, its organizers and intellectuals, many of whom come from the central provinces, are convinced that the party must fatten on the heavy electoral diet of Ontario and Quebec, or rapidly die of malnutrition. Secondly, the program of the new party places public ownership much lower on the scale of priorities than did the CCF, and emphasizes the possibilities of socialization and planning at the municipal and provincial, as well as the Federal level.

Does this then mean that M. Filion's contention that the New Democratic party is not a socialist party is accurate? It is of course significant, that the party's

policy statement eschews the socialist label. But the answer to the question depends almost entirely on whether the essential meaning of socialism is the nearly complete public ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Certainly a minority, left-wing element at the Founding Convention argued that without a clear-cut acceptance of the old socialist dogma, the ark of the socialist covenant would be cast aside. Moreover a majority in the British Labour party has successfully resisted recent attempts to remove Clause 4, which commits the party to nationalization, from the party constitution. But the truth is that Social Democratic parties throughout the Western world have grown increasingly aware that less cumbersome techniques than nationalization can be just as effectively used to promote the real objectives of socialism—social equality and a richer quality of life. The British Labour Party's new domestic programme, *Signposts for the Sixties*, is a leading example of this trend. Professor J. C. Weldon's essay in *Social Purpose for Canada* provides a socialist economist's theoretical justification for the revised viewpoint. He sums up the position by saying that ". . . there is no reason to invest nationalization and public ownership with moral qualities, as processes that make a more than technical contribution to the good society. They are instruments of economic control, neither good nor bad in themselves, and are to be used pragmatically and without hesitation whenever they promise advantage over other instruments of control."

In the matter of the degree of public ownership, as on the question of federalism, the policy planners of the New Democratic party have taken a calculated risk. To say that the CCF's commitment to nationalization was never an electoral advantage is an understatement (though this commitment was considerably modified in the Winnipeg Declaration of 1956). In minimizing nationalization, it is not only accepting lessons learned elsewhere; it is also, in part, bowing to the wishes of the Canadian electorate. This step, like the acceptance of "co-operative federalism" could be the party's undoing, for if carried too far the party might lose its sense of purpose in shedding the characteristics that differentiate it from its opponents. Then we would have Tweedledee, Tweedledum and what else? But it is more likely that the party, in bringing its socialism more fully in line with the policies of Social Democrats elsewhere, has provided itself with a defensible program without diluting its principles beyond the point of recognition.

Professor Underhill once remarked that the CCF was unsuccessful electorally not because of its socialism, but because of its nationalism. By nationalism he evidently meant not only the CCF's emphasis on the Federal power, but also its isolationist foreign policy. The founders of the New Democratic Party have, no doubt unconsciously, taken this remark to heart. By revising its definition of the means of advancing towards a socialist society, by its unabashed declaration in favour of biculturalism, and by its acceptance of an internationalist foreign policy based primarily, if slightly uncomfortably, on the North Atlantic Alliance, it has attempted to formulate its nationalism in more orthodox Canadian terms. It would be difficult to deny that, in all these matters, the New Democratic party is much more like a traditional Canadian political party than the CCF ever became. The intellectual backing of the CCF came from men whose ideas were profoundly influenced by first-

hand contact with British socialism. While the intellectuals of the New Democratic Party would certainly claim that contemporary British socialist thought and practice has influenced them, few of them have had the close contact with the British party that earlier League for Social Reconstruction people did. In this sense the New Democratic Party is more "Canadian" than its CCF predecessor. Goldwin Smith once raised the fundamental question about Canadian political parties when he asked, "But in this country what is there for Conservatives to conserve or Reformers to reform? What is there to preserve our parties from becoming mere factions and our country from becoming the unhappy scene of perpetual struggle of factions for place?" If the New Democratic Party have taken in accepting, at least in part, the ground rules of Canadian political life fails, then the "true socialists" and the "true nationalists" will no doubt joyously join hands around the electoral pyre singing incantations to the gods of "nationalization" and "non-alignment." But if it succeeds there is still a chance that Tommy Douglas may inject a little new life into the dull old game of Canadian politics. At any rate, even the most pessimistic and cynical will likely have to agree with M. Filion's tempered conclusion that the New Democratic party "represents an interesting effort towards democratizing Canadian political life."

RAMSAY COOK

LE NOUVEAU PARTI FEDERALE

► NOBODY CAN ACCUSE the New Party convention of ignoring "le fait français au Canada." The meticulously balanced bilingualism of the backdrop at the Coliseum and of the printed programs and resolutions, the simultaneous translation, and even the Saskatchewan French of the new leader were all designed to reassure French-speaking socialists that they were welcome guests.

This bilingualism did more to reassure the English speaking delegates than the French. After the hosts had greeted the guests they quickly turned to the important issues of choosing a leader, sidestepping NATO and christening the new party. Surely the French Canadians would happily concentrate their attention on these issues now that they were allowed to express themselves in French?

French Canadians are not so easily reassured. They have a long experience of being invited to parties, political or otherwise, where they have been greeted warmly with the usual references to the "bonne entente" and then permitted to listen to discussions initiated by their hosts. How many English Canadians believe that five million French Canadians can't be wrong, and that there must be some justification for French Canadian nationalism? Most of them still hopefully assume that their compatriots are really English Canadians who speak French. The French Canadians who expected to join in the party instead of remaining as guests were quickly disillusioned.

The disillusionment led to a special meeting of the Quebec delegates on the first evening of the convention; the flesh-pots of Bytown were neglected while they

discussed the plight of the minority at the convention. Everybody was eager to expound his analysis of the situation and, more unusual, there was general agreement. French Canadians are familiar enough with the problem to know that they belong to a society or a cultural group which distinguishes them from other Canadians, and the only difficulty is, first, to make other Canadians realize this and, secondly, to make them accept it as a persisting fact. Few French Canadians are so sanguine as to expect English Canadians to welcome the survival of this different society in Canada. What was needed was not analysis but a resolution of the problem.

The delegates were politicians, albeit French Canadians, and so after a four-hour discussion they ended up with a resolution. One delegate suggested that if the New Party did not admit the right of French Canadians to be different, French Canadians should withdraw from the convention. The suggestion was applauded but ignored. Michel Chartrand, provincial leader of the PSD, argued that English Canadians could not be expected to understand "le mystère de la province de Québec"—presumably, like the mystery of transubstantiation, it would have to be taken on faith. The delegates finally agreed on a symbolic declaration of faith; they approved an amendment which would substitute "federal" for "national" wherever it appeared in the constitution. In this way the New Party could proclaim its faith in biculturalism.

The amendment was adopted by the convention but it was a hollow victory. The criticism showed that many delegates were scarcely aware of biculturalism. One young English-speaking Canadian at the meeting of the Quebec delegates expressed his horror at the irrelevant concern for French Canadian identity; he pleaded with the other delegates to remember that Canadian problems were economic—when socialism had excised the vestigial relics of feudalism and capitalism, cultural frictions would wither away. J. S. Woodsworth had been equally naive thirty years before. Another English-speaking participant expounded another French-Canadian anathema. Although he spoke English, he was neither French nor English but German; therefore Canada was not bicultural but multicultural. The possibility that Germans were being assimilated into a cultural group of which language was both a symbol and a formative factor was beyond his grasp. Even Eugene Forsey, whose knowledge of French and whose connections with French Canada in Montreal and in Ottawa should have made him aware of the French Canadian outlook, used his extensive English vocabulary to vilify the amendment as silly, preposterous, absurd idiocy.

The amendment was only adopted because it was politically necessary to placate the French Canadians. J. H. Brockelbank defended the substitution of the word "federal" by explaining that "nation" means a cultural group to French Canadians, and so implied that the amendment was only a question of translation. Hazen Argue supported the amendment from the second day, but an observer could only wonder whether this represented a genuine sympathy for French Canadian nationalism or an appeal for French Canadian votes in the leadership contest. What is certain is that English-speaking delegates still think of the New Democratic Party as a national and not a federal party.

A glance at the Ottawa newspapers during the week of the convention would have made any party leader

pessimistic. The meeting of the Quebec delegation was headlined in *Le Droit* the next day; neither the *Citizen* nor the *Journal* mentioned it. *Le Droit* traced the amendment to the floor of the convention the next day, to the constitutional committee and back to the convention on Thursday. The English-language newspapers found nothing newsworthy in the discussion except Eugene Forsey's sprightly invective. The conclusion is that for each cultural group in Canada, news of national significance is only the news that affects its own "nation." A "federal" party is the best that can be hoped for under these conditions. If political leaders are not pessimistic it is probably because they read only the newspapers printed in their own language.

H. BLAIR NEATBY

DEMOCRACY AT THE CONVENTION

► ONE OF THE MAJOR questions in the minds of observers of the development of the New Party during the past few years has been to what extent it would remain a grass roots people's party. Would the massive Canadian Labour Congress, clutching the CCF to its bosom, smother the new-born babe?

There were already complaints that the CCF was beginning to suffer from the hardening of the arteries that comes with age. Like most social institutions, political parties seem to become stiff in their bureaucratic joints the older and larger they get. As though driven by some inner law of growth and dissolution, a party produces a managerial elite which builds but also blights by laying a dessicated hand on the living energy of a thousand pulsating hearts. The fear was that this stage had been reached in the CCF and that the addition of the weight of the Canadian Labour Congress would be too much for the New Party.

It is pleasant to be able to allay such fears. The founding convention of the new party was a salutary example of democracy in action—or, at any rate, as much democracy as one can reasonably hope for in any largescale organization. At no time in the five-day session did the party machine run its steamroller over the grass roots, as often happens at political gatherings; in fact the bosses trod so gently that there were even moments when small factions threatened to stampede the assembly.

Neither the rank-and-file nor the managers won all their points, of course, but there was a fair balancing of interests and a good deal of accommodation on both sides. The five microphones on the floor were used profusely and the party's high command on the platform was more often on the defensive than the offensive.

The extent to which the delegates spoke was all the more remarkable since this was the largest convention in Canadian history (2,083 delegates, alternates, and guests registered). Equally remarkable was the prodigious attention-span of the audience. For six or seven hours a day for five successive days, 80 or 90 per cent of the delegates sat glued to their chairs in the sweltering heat of Ottawa's Coliseum while a torrent of oratory flowed.

Admittedly the convention was superbly organized. In conception, scope, precision, and unobtrusiveness, there has never been anything like it in Canadian political pow-wows. Simultaneous translation of all proceedings was available to every delegate by headset at his table, or via transistor radios for those who had to be

mobile, like the 45 sergeants-at-arms who kept the assembly tied together. Committee reports and debates on resolutions were staggered to prevent tedium. Headline speakers like David Lewis, Claude Jodoin, André Philip and Hugh Gaitskell were tossed in at intervals, breaking the monotony. And the two evening performances—the nomination of Hazen Argue and Tommy Douglas for the leadership, and the election of Douglas the following night by 1391 votes to 380 (both of which were televised and broadcast nationally)—these were prototypes of what such productions should be, complete with labor's troubadour, Joe Glazer with his guitar, leading four or five thousand people in militant song.

But the froth would not have sustained the deadly serious delegates if the brew beneath had not been strong enough. Fortunately, it was a hundred proof. There were critical issues to settle: policies on defense, nationalization, the party's program, constitution and name, and the election of its cadre of leaders.

Voting patterns were hard to distinguish, except on a few issues. The 200 delegates from Quebec stood out as a bloc on the one item which obsessed French Canadians: the demand for a completely bi-national country. British Columbia was vociferous, even volcanic, especially in its determination to quit NATO and NORAD in favour of quasi-neutralism, and to a lesser extent in its fierce loyalty to traditional socialist policies like nationalization. Ontario, whose 650 delegates comprised about a third of the convention, was less easy to pin down. The 200 farmers present made little impression as a group. Neither did the 665 trade unionists, the 750 CCFers, or the 239 New Party club members, though individually some representatives of these blocs made themselves very apparent.

The vitality of the grass roots was indicated by the 699 resolutions which were submitted in advance and distributed in book form. Committees consolidated this avalanche of ideas as best they could and presented them to plenary sessions for debate, but even a five-day convention (which set another record in Canadian history) could not get through all this material. Immigration, a national health plan, pensions and other important subjects had to be left for consideration by national council.

Items adopted represented victories for the floor as well as for the platform. French Canada won its demand

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for recognition of bi-nationality in the new party hands down. Windsor, Ontario, succeeded in selling the convention on the name "New Democratic Party" when the brass, and most of the delegates at first, favoured the title "New Party." The floor also pushed through planks advocating price controls and abolition of the Senate when neither of these had been mentioned in the draft program. An entire section on protection of consumers was inserted, and the clause on cooperatives strengthened considerably.

However, on the two critical issues facing the convention the platform got its way. Despite the passionate pleas of a few old time socialists, the party turned right towards planning and controlled capitalism rather than keeping left on the path of nationalization. It is clear that the policy pattern which is emerging is closer to the Galbraith American Democratic Party than to doctrinaire European socialist parties.

Hottest and most divisive of all the issues was the question of the new party's attitude to international commitments. At first it appeared that the quasi-neutralists—the ban-the-bomb boys and let's-get-out-of-NATO-and-American-entanglements—would carry the day. But after a hectic intermittent battle of 48 hours in which all the big guns on both sides were brought into action, the brass won support by four to one for its policy of qualified endorsement of NATO while reassessing the situation.

Though the factions that lost may not be solaced, they can't deny that they had their say, and were defeated democratically. It was a good start for a party which calls itself democratic.

PAUL FOX

THOUGH TOWNS AND CITIES TOWER

Though towns and cities tower where once wild trees circumscribed magic, those old-forests rise dark in the blood, and brood behind the eyes: their jealous roots push blind about the brain, and vengeful saps articulate the vein.

Deep in the grove within the thicketed heart, linger the Sorceries, the old Tabus—such eldritch lore as Druids used to use—and still we drink the blood-of-Slaughter-stones, and still we eat the bread-of-ground-up-bones.

DOROTHY M. BROWN

DESIGNING

Within the bud the bear,
And not the woolly-caterpillar kind either.
A provident thought of cells: square cells like
beeswax lithographs.
I see this pattern printed on fruits and trees:
What use is it to them? But if I were a bee I'd
want it
For my little beegrub to lie down in.
The dented crust that rinds a world scuffed up
With a come and a coming. Histories obey the
foot that spurns
The spiral force of life.
A whorl, a cell, an imprint, a design
Upon the eternal will.

A. SZUMIGALSKI

Canadian Calendar

- The Industrial Foundation on Education has organized a National Student Aid Information Service to furnish universities, high school guidance teachers and other interested persons with complete information on all Canadian scholarships and bursary awards.

- Total costs for an undergraduate student attending university (fees plus other expenses) range from \$1,212 yearly in the Western provinces to \$1,613 in Ontario. The average for Canada is \$1,437.

- For the first time, the Royal Canadian Mint has placed an order for nickel coin blanks with a Canadian company. Mint officials say that Canadian producers have only now put out a suitable nickel blank at competitive prices.

- In 1952, authorization was given for nine million dollars worth of medical supplies and emergency equipment to be stockpiled in case of a national civil disaster. In 1957, this was increased to eleven million, and in the last two years, to eighteen million. More than half the supplies now authorized have been received and packed. The Government has ordered:

2,800 hospital disaster kits containing litters, burn dressings, intravenous solutions and various supplies to supplement a hospital's normal resources. The kits are scaled on the basis of one for each 25 treatment beds in the hospital.

420 advance treatment centres set up as packaged units for use in the periphery of a disaster to provide early treatment. These centres can treat 500 patients for 36 hours before requiring re-supply.

200 mobile hospitals, each with 200 beds, each capable of being transported in four three-ton trucks in packages small enough to be carried by hand if necessary. Each hospital has ten 20-bed wards, three operating units, an X-ray and central supply section, and emergency water and power equipment for self-sufficiency of operating theatres, though the hospitals are designed to use existing buildings such as schools.

100 clinical laboratories.

20 public health laboratories to test water, milk, food.

26 blood depots, each capable of processing 3,600 pints of blood in 24 hours. The blood depots are being integrated with existing Red Cross facilities.

The plans also call for setting up of bulk stocks to re-supply the various field facilities.

- There are in Canada 19,700 registered physicians and surgeons, 5,900 dentists, 68,500 registered nurses, 1,800 veterinarians, and 6,000 pharmacists.

- The world's first atomic-powered weather station is being established on Graham Island, 750 miles south of the North Pole, where it will fill a gap in the meteorological network between manned outposts at Resolute Bay on Cornwallis Island to the south, and Eureka on Ellesmere Island to the north. The station's atomic generator, powered by Strontium 90, is expected to operate for several years without maintenance or refuelling.

• 1,554 cases of infectious hepatitis were reported in Ontario in the first half of 1961, compared with 504 cases in the same period of 1960.

• The present potential labor force of the Northwest Territories is estimated at 8,500, of which 4,200 are in regular wage employment—half of these employed directly by the federal government—and the remainder living either entirely off the land or on subsistence hunting, fishing and trapping with casual or seasonal wage employment.

• The forest industries provide 30% of total Canadian exports; newsprint, lumber and woodpulp account for 90% of this, with 79% going to the U.S. and 11% to the U.K.

• Of the 325 tubercular European refugees brought to Canada under the World Refugee Year program, only 55 were still in hospital at the end of June.

• Apple production this year will be down almost 8% to 13,744,000 bushels, according to Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimates.

• More than one million acres of Manitoba timberland have been destroyed by forest fires this year.

• Traffic fatalities in Ontario in the first six months of this year increased 41% over last year's total for the same period. About 60% of the accidents occurred in daylight.

• When the Canada Council was set up, it was given the function of appointing a National Commission for UNESCO. The commission consists of 26 members. Five are ex-officio: three Canada Council members, the associate director of the Canada Council, and a representative of the Dept. of External Affairs. There are 12 continuing members representing major national organizations such as the Canadian Educational Association, the National Conference of Canadian Universities, the CBC, the National Film Board and the Canadian Labor Congress. There are also nine rotating members representing Government departments and agencies interested in the work of UNESCO.

ANCHORING AT NIGHT

At the world's end where the lifelines meet,
Hangs the steel spear, fluke arms, shank and crown,
Woden's weapon, silent, waiting for his frown,
Waiting for his godship to look down
At the sea-skin quivering at his feet.
Now the roar of chaos cracks the black sky.
Spark-flashes scatter on the liquid night,
Flaring, flaming, scarring with fierce light
As the arrow, smoking, hissing, trailing white
Fumes, —stabs—then bursts—the Sea's soft eye.

SANFORD STERNLICHT

THE AFFAIR

He loved her in the evening,
Despised her in the dawn,
And so it was each evening,
And so it was each dawn.

MARSHALL LAUB

Behind the Japanese Culture Curtain

W. W. CONDE

► NEARLY SIXTEEN YEARS have passed since the end of World War II, the last MacArthur has departed from Japan and although it seemed for a time that reconsideration might be given United States policy in relation to that nation, we have come full circle: General Douglas MacArthur, who set out to democratize Japan, has been decorated with the Order of the Rising Sun by Emperor Hirohito, the representative of that ancient and undisturbed Imperial throne.

Throughout this time the United States, like other nations of the world, has been subjected to one of the greatest cultural penetrations in its history. It was initiated by the returning GI who brought with him memories of his private *geisha* and *presentos* for family and friends—person-to-person diplomacy in action.

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for recognition of bi-nationality in the new party hands down. Windsor, Ontario, succeeded in selling the convention on the name "New Democratic Party" when the brass, and most of the delegates at first, favoured the title "New Party." The floor also pushed through planks advocating price controls and abolition of the Senate when neither of these had been mentioned in the draft program. An entire section on protection of consumers was inserted, and the clause on cooperatives strengthened considerably.

However, on the two critical issues facing the convention the platform got its way. Despite the passionate pleas of a few old time socialists, the party turned right towards planning and controlled capitalism rather than keeping left on the path of nationalization. It is clear that the policy pattern which is emerging is closer to the Galbraith American Democratic Party than to doctrinaire European socialist parties.

Hottest and most divisive of all the issues was the question of the new party's attitude to international commitments. At first it appeared that the quasi-neutralists—the ban-the-bomb boys and let's-get-out-of-NATO-and-American-entanglements—would carry the day. But after a hectic intermittent battle of 48 hours in which all the big guns on both sides were brought into action, the brass won support by four to one for its policy of qualified endorsement of NATO while reassessing the situation.

Though the factions that lost may not be solaced, they can't deny that they had their say, and were defeated democratically. It was a good start for a party which calls itself democratic.

PAUL FOX

THOUGH TOWNS AND CITIES TOWER

Though towns and cities tower where once wild trees circumscribed magic, those old-forests rise dark in the blood, and brood behind the eyes: their jealous roots push blind about the brain, and vengeful saps articulate the vein.

Deep in the grove within the thicketed heart, linger the Sorceries, the old Tabus— such eldritch lore as Druids used to use—and still we drink the blood-of-Slaughter-stones, and still we eat the bread-of-ground-up-bones.

DOROTHY M. BROWN

DESIGNING

Within the bud the bear,
And not the woolly-caterpillar kind either.
A provident thought of cells: square cells like
beeswax lithographs.
I see this pattern printed on fruits and trees:
What use is it to them? But if I were a bee I'd
want it
For my little beegrub to lie down in.
The dented crust that rinds a world scuffed up
With a come and a coming. Histories obey the
foot that spurns
The spiral force of life.
A whorl, a cell, an imprint, a design
Upon the eternal will.

A. SZUMIGALSKI

Canadian Calendar

- The Industrial Foundation on Education has organized a National Student Aid Information Service to furnish universities, high school guidance teachers and other interested persons with complete information on all Canadian scholarships and bursary awards.

- Total costs for an undergraduate student attending university (fees plus other expenses) range from \$1,212 yearly in the Western provinces to \$1,613 in Ontario. The average for Canada is \$1,437.

- For the first time, the Royal Canadian Mint has placed an order for nickel coin blanks with a Canadian company. Mint officials say that Canadian producers have only now put out a suitable nickel blank at competitive prices.

- In 1952, authorization was given for nine million dollars worth of medical supplies and emergency equipment to be stockpiled in case of a national civil disaster. In 1957, this was increased to eleven million, and in the last two years, to eighteen million. More than half the supplies now authorized have been received and packaged. The Government has ordered:

2,800 hospital disaster kits containing litters, burn dressings, intravenous solutions and various supplies to supplement a hospital's normal resources. The kits are scaled on the basis of one for each 25 treatment beds in the hospital.

420 advance treatment centres set up as packaged units for use in the periphery of a disaster to provide early treatment. These centres can treat 500 patients for 36 hours before re-supply.

200 mobile hospitals, each with 200 beds, each capable of being transported in four three-ton trucks in packages small enough to be carried by hand if necessary. Each hospital has ten 20-bed wards, three operating units, an X-ray and central supply section, and emergency water and power equipment for self-sufficiency of operating theatres, though the hospitals are designed to use existing buildings such as schools.

100 clinical laboratories.

20 public health laboratories to test water, milk, food.

26 blood depots, each capable of processing 3,600 pints of blood in 24 hours. The blood depots are being integrated with existing Red Cross facilities.

The plans also call for setting up of bulk stocks to re-supply the various field facilities.

- There are in Canada 19,700 registered physicians and surgeons, 5,900 dentists, 68,500 registered nurses, 1,800 veterinarians, and 6,000 pharmacists.

- The world's first atomic-powered weather station is being established on Graham Island, 750 miles south of the North Pole, where it will fill a gap in the meteorological network between manned outposts at Resolute Bay on Cornwallis Island to the south, and Eureka on Ellesmere Island to the north. The station's atomic generator, powered by Strontium 90, is expected to operate for several years without maintenance or refuelling.

• 1,554 cases of infectious hepatitis were reported in Ontario in the first half of 1961, compared with 504 cases in the same period of 1960.

• The present potential labor force of the Northwest Territories is estimated at 8,500, of which 4,200 are in regular wage employment—half of these employed directly by the federal government—and the remainder living either entirely off the land or on subsistence hunting, fishing and trapping with casual or seasonal wage employment.

• The forest industries provide 30% of total Canadian exports; newsprint, lumber and woodpulp account for 90% of this, with 79% going to the U.S. and 11% to the U.K.

• Of the 325 tubercular European refugees brought to Canada under the World Refugee Year program, only 55 were still in hospital at the end of June.

• Apple production this year will be down almost 8% to 13,744,000 bushels, according to Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimates.

• More than one million acres of Manitoba timberland have been destroyed by forest fires this year.

• Traffic fatalities in Ontario in the first six months of this year increased 41% over last year's total for the same period. About 60% of the accidents occurred in daylight.

• When the Canada Council was set up, it was given the function of appointing a National Commission for UNESCO. The commission consists of 26 members. Five are ex-officio: three Canada Council members, the associate director of the Canada Council, and a representative of the Dept. of External Affairs. There are 12 continuing members representing major national organizations such as the Canadian Educational Association, the National Conference of Canadian Universities, the CBC, the National Film Board and the Canadian Labor Congress. There are also nine rotating members representing Government departments and agencies interested in the work of UNESCO.

ANCHORING AT NIGHT

At the world's end where the lifelines meet,
Hangs the steel spear, fluke arms, shank and crown,
Woden's weapon, silent, waiting for his frown,
Waiting for his godship to look down
At the sea-skin quivering at his feet.
Now the roar of chaos cracks the black sky.
Spark-flashes scatter on the liquid night,
Flaring, flaming, scarring with fierce light
As the arrow, smoking, hissing, trailing white
Fumes, —stabs—then bursts—the Sea's soft eye.

SANFORD STERNLIGHT

THE AFFAIR

He loved her in the evening,
Despised her in the dawn,
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The source of this impact on the domestic market lies in the low prices of such goods, prices that are derived from the appallingly low wage scale that is maintained by Japanese management. Laborers are paid on the basis of a complicated scale by which only a portion of their earnings is paid in cash, the latter averaging only one-eighth the wage that American workers earn. In the apparel industry, workers receive approximately 14 cents per hour for 48 or more hours per week. In the arms and ammunition industry, the rate is 30 cents for the same number of weekly hours, according to the US Department of Labor statistics. A temporary worker earns half the pay of a regular employee; women are paid less than half the men's wage and employees under 18 receive only one-fourth the so-called regular wage. The inadequacy of these earnings is reflected in the decline of the average consumption of foodstuffs from 1956 to 1957, a time when national prosperity was said to be flourishing.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS our trade unions and associations have protested the flood of Nippone goods. One state legislature responded locally by requiring all shops selling such products to display a poster announcing the fact. In February, 1961, a parade of witnesses reported to the Senate Textile Committee that government inaction in limiting low-priced imports is destroying American industry and jobs. When the Amalgamated Clothing Workers became concerned by the influx of Japanese-made men's suits and prepared to launch a widely publicized boycott of all Japanese textiles on May 1, President Kennedy persuaded their leaders to abandon the plan. He suggested research projects for the development of new products and markets to improve their situation, while offering to the owners of textile industries more practical and immediate relief in the form of depreciation allowances, loans, the possibility of purchasing American cotton at the same low prices that are made available to the Japanese and finally, a future international conference to work out world quotas.

Other workers, protesting extensive imports, have seen the quality of their patriotism become an issue. Still others have been told that Japanese low wages do not create unfair competition because our technical superiority makes possible a greater productivity per worker and really places the American employee in a better position to outproduce his competitors. Other answers have been heard from the importers and merchants, the public relations counsellors and advertising agencies, the exporters of cotton, oil and scrap iron—all those not averse to making a fast yen.

The Japanese, themselves, have reacted to American protest. Exporters have adopted "voluntary quotas," though they did so with the knowledge that the United States market on the specified items was flooded and it was time anyway to shift emphasis to other products. At the government level stronger action was threatened when Japanese Ambassador Asakai, fearing possible restrictions of exports in response to the increasing demands of the American public, called upon Secretary of State Dean Rusk on February 7, 1961 "to warn of the political consequences of trade restrictions and to ask for a modification in enforcing the 'Buy American' campaign in U.S. military and foreign aid procurement." More recently, Foreign Minister Kosaka visited West European countries to urge "the removal of discriminatory measures," as *Asahi* newspaper reported, "so that

W. W. Conde, a lifetime student of Asian affairs, was correspondent for Reuters News Agency in Tokyo at the close of World War II, has published feature articles in both U.S. and Canadian newspapers, and is currently working on a book dealing with the past 100 years of Korea's history.

Japan will not be left an 'orphan' in the free camp." The Japanese also see the entry of Britain into the Common Market as a further threat to Japan's trade position.

These moves exemplify the utilization by Japan's leaders of her ultimate political weapon—the exploitation of the cleavage between the United States and the Soviet Union to the end that Americans and the world must make continued concessions, for if Japan's economy should falter, Japan would go "left." Fear of this eventuality was revealed in a US Senate committee record which referred to the problem as "the issue of whether we should give priority to our security interest in keeping Japan strong and friendly or to protecting our domestic industry against Japanese competition." The international implications were presented more sharply in a book just published by the editors of *Life (Japan)* by Edward Seidensticker) wherein the author notes that should the US cease to respond to the diplomatic blackmail of Japan's leaders, that move might, "by tipping a delicate balance . . . indeed be the jolt that would send the whole present complex of world politics crashing into a final disaster."

In many respects, the situation is similar to that which prevailed in the thirties. But at that time, the major imports were cheap toys sold us *without* benefit of culture. Some Japanese firms shipped "Swedish" matches, made in "Sweden," Japan; today, they ship motor parts labeled "FuMoCo." (The Ford Motor Company's parts trademark is "FoMoCo," and Ford plans to sue.) Current awareness of this problem is reflected in California's Governor Brown's recent signing of a bill making it illegal to mark imported products or their containers "Made in USA" or "Made in America." Design piracy by Japanese manufacturers continues, however.

Underlying the return to the practices of the pre-World War II years is the undeniable fact that Japanese leaders have reaffirmed most of their basic goals, policies and institutions. They have retained the same Emperor, and his household is one of the largest investors in the Zaibatsu-monopolist enterprises. Their owners are the same as of yore—Mitsui, Mitsubishi and Sumitomo—whose industries and branches again encircle the globe as their investments spread throughout Asia, Latin America, the Middle East and soon, Africa. In India, the Philippines, Formosa, Canada and Alaska, specifically, they are making significant economic penetrations. Initial moves are being made to recover Korea; behind the recent coup by Japanese-trained Korean Army officers can be seen the conjoint interests of the US and Japanese governments in preventing the impending peaceful reunification of South and North Korea and bringing nearer Japan's hope of regaining entry to the continent.

Japanese leaders plan to reestablish the economic bloc in Asia to accomplish the goals sought in World War II, for expanded industrial production and increased population have created even greater needs for raw materials. Today, these are being purchased in the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaya, India, Pakistan, etc., where joint enterprises are being established in the name of mutual devel-

opment and co-prosperity. Zaibatsu-monopolists are contributing to the program by reviving and continuing their prewar cartel and patent-pooling arrangements with the giant United States corporations dealing in oil, electrical equipment, aluminum, aircraft and, more recently, atomic energy.

In this drive to dominate Asia, Japanese leaders hope to utilize the US as a backer. Since 1945 Japan has owed this country \$2 billion and after refusing for years to repay the advance, she has now agreed to pay \$490 million of the total sum over a period of 15 years, with interest of 2.5 per cent. From the funds thus saved, the costs of establishing a Japanese Peace Corps will be met, according to Premier Ikeda. The remainder of the savings will enable Japan to "aid" what is, in essence, the new Greater East Asia, a goal which was proclaimed recently by former Prime Minister Kishi.

Investments and factories are always followed by armies, ostensibly, of course, for the purpose of "maintaining law and order." Japan has exhibited great alacrity and initiative in this area in the past, and we see today a revival of the policies of the thirties in the military growth that parallels her economic expansion. She now has an army, navy and air force, although the surrender terms of World War II and her own Constitution forbid their establishment; their existence as such is denied and they are known as the "Self-Defense Forces." In June, the government voted to enlarge the Army of 238,000 men by 5000. To keep in step with the times, Japan has built atomic reactors and is now testing rockets and missiles. Her Navy (furnished by the US) has made courtesy calls at Pearl Harbor to honor the site of her famous "infamy," but news stories of the events are buried among the obituary columns. The custom of revering war "heroes" has been observed in a more flagrant form in the erection of a shrine in Nagoya to honor Tojo and the other *samurai* war criminals who were executed by the Allies for their war guilt.

The national goals of the thirties persist and the prospects of achieving them are even brighter than before the war. Realization of these aims to become a major world power, militarily strong and expanding the controlled sources of needed raw materials, is being sought through three courses: (1) exploitation of the differences between the United States and the Soviet Union; (2) renewed demands for the traditional "patriotism" of the Japanese people as urged by Prime Minister Ikeda in his initial speech to the Diet (Parliament) on January 30, 1961 in which he declared the national requisite to be "patriotism" and "law and order" and the purpose of education to be the cultivation of a people who will "revere their nation, land and culture"; and (3) the development and utilization of the new and powerful atomic devices. While pursuing these major courses of action, it seems desirable, apparently, that Japan enjoy simultaneously the good will of the world, for Emperor Hirohito, in his message to the same Diet, said that redoubled efforts were "necessary . . . to heighten international trust and faith in Japan . . ."

BUT THEN, perhaps Americans who see grim forewarnings in Japan's revived economic and military programs are unduly alarmed? As Mort Sahl has said, "Can't you forget?" But those who choose to see must answer "No!" and then look further into familiar forces at work within Japan. Though given scant coverage in the American press, terrorism has prevailed since its restora-

tion at the end of the war and its acceleration reflects the desperate attempt by the controlling group to suppress all opposition to the national program of militarization and the new "democratic" expansion, labeled "aiding backward areas." The prewar use of violence to assure conformity in the thirties was reported as a warning by Hugh Byas of *The New York Times*. Today, Ivan Morris, a British Foreign Office expert, brings the warning up to date in his book, *Nationalism and the Right Wing in Japan*, by pointing out that fanatical patriotic murder continues in basically unchanged Nippon.

The initial act of postwar rightist violence took place in the spring of 1946 when a gang of nationalists in Kyushu (long known for the close coordination and cooperation of coal-mine operators and terrorists) slashed the screen of a motion picture theater and wrecked the premises in protest against the film being shown, "Tragedy of Japan," which consisted of prewar and wartime newsreel shots depicting the open collaboration of Emperor Hirohito, the Zaibatsu-monopolists and the military in urging Japan on to war. In September of the same year, the person primarily responsible for the production of this great "Now it can be told" documentary, Akira Iwasaki, was slashed in the face on his own doorstep by rightist youths and suffered deep and painful wounds. His "crime" was obviously double *lese majeste* against the Emperor and the Zaibatsu, and even though these events occurred during MacArthur's occupation, the only action taken by his Headquarters was the banning and seizure of all copies of the film. The Japanese police did nothing. Today, Iwasaki is Japan's leading film critic.

The next major assault took place in January, 1947 when Katsumi Kikunami, leader of the newly formed postwar trade union movement, was slashed in his living room by extreme rightists in an attempt to force him to cancel a scheduled strike. On July 4, 1959 terrorists attempted to kill Secretary Kyuichi Tokuda of the Communist Party by throwing a bomb at him as he addressed a public meeting.

The following year, in March, pickets who had protested for seven months the shutdown of the Mitsui-owned Miike coal mine were attacked and beaten with iron bars by a gang of terrorists brought in from Tokyo. One miner was killed and many were injured. Because *Mainichi*, Japan's second largest newspaper, exposed the link between the attacks and prominent Liberal-Democratic political leaders who included members of the Diet and the Minister of Education, its plant was invaded in April, 1960. Sand was dumped into the costly presses and equipment and paper were destroyed.

Three additional murderous assaults occurred in the summer and fall of 1960. On June 17 Jotaro Kawakami, a senior member of the Socialist Party, was stabbed in front of the Diet building in Tokyo. During the same month, an organized band of youthful hoodlums raced a truck into a demonstration of writers, scientists and artists who were protesting the Japanese-American military treaty, and on October 12 the Socialist Party leader, Inejiro Asanuma, who had long fought the same treaty, was stabbed to death in full view of a great auditorium audience and before the eyes of millions of television viewers.

On February 1, 1961 the wife and maid of Hoji Shimanaka, president of *Chuo Koron* (a Japanese magazine comparable with America's *Harper's*), were knifed

to death in their home. The blow was intended for Mr. Shimanaka, but he had not yet reached his house. The young murderer in this case was "defending the Emperor" against a harmless, speculative article in the magazine which discussed the passing of the Emperor system. The assassins of both Asanuma and Mrs. Shimanaka were seventeen years old, one the son of a prosecutor and the other of an army officer. Both were members of the Greater Japan Patriotic Party (*Aikoku-to*), headed by Akira Bin, the self-proclaimed Hitler of Japan and rabid champion of the Emperor.

The most recent acts of terrorism took place on the small island of Niijima on February 10 and 15 respectively when the picket lines of the local fishermen who protested the conversion of their island into a Japanese missile- and rocket-testing base were brutally smashed by weapon-wielding rightists. Koreans awaiting repatriation to North Korea were also knifed by rightist assassins.

As in the thirties, "patriotism," rightist movements, weapons, police and big business are purposefully related in Japan and are utilized in the achievement of the national goals. In most instances, the death-dealing terrorists are once again young men imbued with fanatical patriotism and receptive to leaders who, in many cases, make a business of murder. These hoodlums are organized in groups such as the Greater Japan Patriotic Party mentioned earlier, and the police estimate there are 350 in Japan today with a membership of 30,000. Recently, *Yomiuri* newspaper explained simply and honestly: "The climate has become more favorable to them." In nearly every case, they are supported financially by the Liberal-Democratic Party, the party of Prime Minister Ikeda and Kishi, and all are utilized by the great corporations, the Zaibatsu, to extend their power. Socialist Diet member Iinomata recently charged: "It is safe to say that there is not a single big company in the country which has not given money to the Rightists." The *Mainichi* newspaper stated editorially: ". . . there are sympathetic alliances between ultra-nationalistic groups and The Liberal-Democratic Party and business leaders of the nation, centering on their common policy . . ."

The Socialist Party of Japan contributed a sound observation when it commented that "instead of taking effective measures to curb Rightist terrorism after the Asanuma assassination, the government, the police and financial groups have actually chosen to encourage the aroused ultra-Rightists." A major purpose of their terrorism seems to have been achieved when, on February 18, it was announced that special "police protection" will be given Diet members, "especially the Socialists, from possible physical attacks by rightists." Hereafter, the leftist leaders will have police guards whenever they move and it might be expected that once again, and soon, they will be placed, as in the thirties, in the "protective custody" of a jail to silence their opposition to the revived militarism. Jotaro Kawakami, Chairman of the Socialist Party who had been attacked, recalled the Nazi "Brown Shirt" murderers when he said in March: "The political situation in Japan since last year has been gradually becoming similar to that in Germany after World War I just before the rise of Hitler."

Under the guise of curbing violence, the government introduced an Anti-Violence Bill this spring which, by the terms of its definition, proved to be directed against student demonstrators rather than rightist terrorists.

Prime Minister Ikeda hoped to force passage of the bill prior to his visit to Washington this year, almost as an apology for the anti-Eisenhower demonstrations of 1960. But the bill's restrictions on personal liberty provoked huge demonstrations of protest, one involving 85,000 people in Tokyo, 600 of whom were injured. Tensions became so great that President Tsuruhei Matsumo of the Upper House announced that he would quit his post if the government continued to use the steamroller tactics applied in the Lower House to secure passage of the bill. Surrendering to these pressures, Ikeda and his government were compelled to withdraw their Anti-Violence Bill during the first week in June.

AMERICANS WHO HAVE sought to understand Japan's motives and the internal economic, political and nationalistic forces that constitute a threat have looked in vain to our scholars for some hint of warning. There are several questions that go to the root of Japan's recrudescence as a "menace," and to find the answers, research must be focused on the United States itself. Our Foundations, particularly Rockefeller, have contributed millions for historical studies, but there seems to have been a written-in condition that the events under scrutiny must have occurred long ago in the safety of the past or, if current, must serve the cause of military usage. Scholars, therefore, though there are hundreds today as compared with tens in the thirties, have not searched for answers and sounded the clarion. And until some do step forward, honest and courageous nonprofessionals must do so.

Assuming that such *amateur* scholars are available, let them first try to find why Americans have been inundated by a Japanese cultural flood and why the press prints so little of the ominous news of Japan. Why are we not warned of resurgent nationalism and of the tremendous growth in industrial strength and military might? And why has the United States government refused to prevent the swelling flood of Japanese imports? The scholars might ask, "Is there a powerful influence responsible for the present 'Open Door' trade policy with Japan and for the constant publicity which insists that Japan is 'our staunch ally'?"

The following historic notes may serve to guide our hypothetical probe in exploring one facet of the answer. Before the war, the Standard Oil Company and its related firms sold Japan nearly all of her needed oil. On the eve of the war, Japanese corporations sought the oil of the Dutch East Indies (Indonesia), but were rebuffed. When Roosevelt declared an embargo on US gasoline and finally on oil exports to Japan shortly before Pearl Harbor, she lost her major source and resorted to war to gain control of the Indies oil fields and the raw materials of Asia.

Since the war, however, Japan has resumed oil purchases from American firms, and the financial ties between the major corporations of both nations that deal in petroleum products have been reestablished. The alliance between the Mitsubishi corporation and Standard's Tidewater Oil Company is one of these. Though the Zaibatsu monopolies were to have been dissolved after the war and initial steps were taken by the occupation authorities to accomplish this end, pressure from financial circles in the United States led to the abandonment of the plan early in 1948. The reversal of policy took place after William H. Draper and his group urged the retention of Japanese big business concerns

in spite of their role in promoting aggression policies and preparing for war. The Zaibatsu were not only saved but were granted US loans which enabled them very quickly to exceed their prewar stature of industrial giants and, incidentally, to become better oil customers than ever.

Examination of the membership of the Draper Commission makes its recommendation more understandable. Draper was a leading member of Dillon, Read and Company, the investment banking firm so long and so closely related to the Rockefeller family and to Japanese finance and industry. Another member was Percy H. Johnson of the Chemical Bank and Trust Company, related by marriage to the Rockefeller family.

The recent conversion from coal to oil as a source of power accounts, in part, for the increased demand for that product and Standard Oil and its related companies now ship to Japan from their low-cost operations in the Middle East and Indonesia, rather than from the US. The additional unemployment in the coal mines, resulting from the conversion, has been protested by the Japanese trade unions, however. In March the Coal Miners Union called a special congress and demanded that the government cease buying American oil or raise the import duty on it, and pass a law prohibiting employers from closing down mines without consultation with the trade unions. Ironically, the head of the United Mine Workers in the US three months later denounced the "oil lobby" for seeking to prevent Congress from finding a solution of the problem of conversion from coal to oil.

With these facts as background, the scholars might pursue other questions: Is there a relationship between our Japan policy and Standard Oil's Japanese oil market? (If the Japanese should acquire Indonesian or Middle East wells, or develop economic atomic power, could they not dispense with purchases from Standard Oil? And if so, then what of our "ally"?) Is our China policy of non-recognition affected by the fact that Standard no longer furnishes "oil for the lamps of China" but has found, instead, a greater market in the mammoth mills of Mitsui? (The economist of one of our largest oil companies has admitted that nearly half of our unemployment is traceable to imports from foreign countries, and who, but he, should know?) What did John Foster Dulles *really* have in mind when he, closely related through business to the Rockefellers, prepared the Japan Peace Treaty and the subsequent Japanese-American military pact? Is it significant that the Rockefellers continue their interest in world affairs, as well as business, as evidenced by Winthrop A. Rockefeller's recent election to membership in the Republican National Committee and by New York Governor Rockefeller's plea, after visiting Standard Oil's vast holdings in Venezuela, for the American people to stand behind President Kennedy "for whatever action is necessary" in relation to the Berlin crisis? Were not the Rockefellers a strong force behind the mining syndicate that resisted freedom for the Congo? And are they unduly interested in promoting Japanese culture in the U.S., and it is meaningful that John D., IV attended university in Japan in 1960? Why did the Rockefeller Foundation give US scholarships to the brother of Tibet's former Dalai Lama and his 16-year-old bride? To hold him in reserve, "in case"? Did not the Cuban crisis begin only when Standard and Texas Oil Companies' refineries in Cuba refused to process lower priced Soviet crude oil,

thus breaking their operating agreement with the government?

Answers to some of these questions might be furnished by the Japan Society of New York, described by some as the genteel Japan "lobby" in the US in its function as the center from which Japanese culture is disseminated. Headed by John D. Rockefeller III, its roster of trustees reaches into Congressional, business and educational circles. Another rich source of information to the scholars might well be available in the Messrs. Dillon, McCloy, Harriman, Nitze and Rusk, all of whom were closely associated with the Dulles-Rockefeller policies under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, and now Kennedy—or in Thomas E. Dewey, so long and so honorably associated with the Rockefellers and employed for several years as adviser at an annual salary of \$200,000 by the Japan Export Trade Promotion Agency, an official Japanese government agency dedicated to the promotion of foreign trade. Perhaps some of these can throw light on the "Japan menace" by telling the scholars if there is an oil policy—and a United States foreign policy—and were they, once upon a time, different?

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DOWNTOWN SHOPPING

Plodding across the slushy ocean in the cold and dark,
We approach an archipelago of buildings
Where garish neon, seducing Circelike,
Lures us to an enchanted harbor;
Warm light as rich and deep as wine
Washes the merchandise—
So clean, so new, so good,
Arrayed in crisp cellophane
On the counter's glittering sterility.

The exciting aroma of modernity, exuded by each aisle,
Arouses us to roam to realms of fresh opulence,
Where vast displays of artificial plastic rainbows,
Each less obsolescent, bigger, newer than the last,
Afford a free catharsis for our avarice,
For we have perpetual credit,
And every article is ours for the signing,
To have, to own, to possess.

We want more from each succeeding counter,
But we can stay here forever,
So what does it matter if our souls, moored outside,
Drift away and sink in the night,
And the store starts to smell like a sty?

LAWRENCE MATTHEWS

THE DISTANT DRUM

I am not a metaphor or symbol.
This you hear is not the wind in the trees,
Nor a cat being maimed in the street.
It is I being maimed in the street.
It is I who weep, laugh, feel pain or joy.
I speak this because I exist.
This is my voice.
These words are my words, my mouth
Speaks them, my hand writes—
I am a poet.
It is my fist you hear beating
Against your ear.

CALVIN C. HERNTON

Six Poems from Finland

LARS VON HAARTMAN

Translated into English by DORIS HUESTIS SPEIRS*

CYPRESSES (AFTER VAN GOGH)

The mountain folds itself heavily in an animal's sleep.
The birds rise. Suns swirling away strew their ashes.
The moon trembles on a grass stem and rolls a rockpiece
of shadow.
In front of the grave. The stars sting. The fire
Flies like a swallow round the cypresses. To live is to
burn.

THE DAYS SHRINK

The days shrink. The cantor
Hastens in snow: god is dead
And the graves' black squares
Shall never get shovelled.

THE HERON

The landscape changes.
The fences leap down into the sea.
The cows bellow from a ravine-trail.
In the mist weeps a rainforest.
The reeds are streaked by a tiger.

Contemplating its mirrored reflection
As in a Japanese brush-drawing
Stands the Heron; by mist and distance,
By the mind's absence transformed
To abstraction: The sign for waiting.

What does it wait for: Prey
Or hunter? Weary of watching
The patience of this strange Narcissus
I leave my lookout post. The trail is winding.
Who waits for me in an autumn day's
Slowly slanting twilight?

THERE GO MANY BOATS

There go many boats from this city, this country
And the sea outside is blue and scarred by wind.

On spring evenings the barges' wolf-whistle
Sounds like a confession out of the darkness.

—evenings to drift for miles along the quays
With a drowned sea-gull in the heart.

* These translations are from a Swedish volume of poems called *Reseskildring* (Travelogue) which was published by Holger Schildts in Helsingfors in Dec., 1960. Subsequently a Finnish edition appeared in Sweden, published by Bonniers of Stockholm. Lars von Haartman, cousin of the late Marshal of Finland, Baron Gustaf Mannerheim, is a noted zoologist on the staff of the University of Helsingfors who has published many scientific papers. With *Reseskildring* he has made his poetical debut. D.H.S.

NEVERMORE

The clocks stare one-eyed
On the same leave-taking
The same umbrellas. In a foreign wind
Murmur those blind voices
Of things that have never happened
And never are repeated.
Handkerchiefs rise. Hands flutter away
As swallows in the autumn's wind. Also the stars
Twirl like seeds: The night is dark
And without memories.

PREDICTION

(Concerning the last journey of
Baron Lars von Haartman, Ph.D.)

I have headache; do not sleep;
have read all books, except
in my own line, but they are nothing.
The Great Auk is extinct, the flycatcher has gone. So
I take hat and umbrella and depart.

There comes a letter from Neogia
with red, yellow and violet stamps
big as butterflies. It is bleached from the sun of the
pampas
and flecked with rainwater from the tropical
backwoods. An half-breed letter carrier
has travelled with it for a thousand miles.
Along great rivers (the continents'
green intestines) it has reached the sea
and finally a snowbound harbor. Now three
colleagues fall upon it with scalpel and probe
(for the first time agreed). A sheet of paper
spins down under the central heating.
Three Wise Men on knee, a
picture by Hubert van Eyck, or
a bouquet of bald pates. You could
hear a pant button drop.
With deep regret the consulate communicates
that Finnish citizen L. A. A. von Haartman
was torn asunder by *Nasua nasua*
while on a journey to the
interior parts of the continent.

Great it is to love one's destiny.

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Declaration of Independence

A SHORT STORY BY NORMA KLEIN

► "I WAS LOOKING for you before," Eliane said as Paul came into the room and set down his briefcase. She was lying under a sunlamp in a bikini and turned to look up at him. "You know what I just did? I wrote this night letter to Juan. It was the silliest thing — all animals — one after the other. It started — oh, my precious vulture, snake, falcon, just dozens of them — and then at the end — elephantita — that's his pet name for me. What else was there? Oh, I forgot. There was more, though."

Listening to her, Paul felt a mixture of embarrassment and curiosity as he always did when hearing details of Elaine's love affairs. Usually, within half an hour of meeting someone, Elaine had told them the long involved story of her fiance, Juan, all her difficulties with his and her parents, as well as her opinions on virginity, existentialism, and life in general. She was a French girl who had come to New York with a French boyfriend, since discarded, to get a job as a model. She hated New York violently as, in fact, she felt violently about everything. Her present boyfriend, a Mexican, was coming up to see her at Christmas, but she was constantly writing him, translating Shakespearean sonnets and enclosing them in her letters. "I've never been faithful to anyone this long," she had told Paul, sitting on the bed, rubbing bleach on her legs. She was continually getting herself involved in transitory passions for different men. The first afternoon Paul had met her (they had rooms opposite each other on the same floor of a rundown boarding house) she had just come back, slightly high, after having had four whiskey sours with a fashion photographer for whom she was doing an assignment. "I don't want him to fall in love with me," she had told Paul dramatically. "I can't let that happen." Eliane claimed she disliked modeling and really wanted to be a writer, but she wrote very badly—in a high-blown romantic style. Once she had stayed up until morning typing a story on pink onion skin paper and drinking black coffee. At five she had tapped on Paul's door and he had gone into Eliane's room where, blinking with sleepiness, he read through the story. For some reason only one line later remained in his head — a description Eliane wrote of herself as a girl "whose charm radiated around her in spite of herself."

"What would happen if I wanted to divorce Juan?" Eliane said as she turned over on her side under the sun lamp. "Say, if I had an affair with someone else?"

"I think he'd probably have to consent to the divorce first," Paul said. "Women don't have that many rights in these Latin American countries."

"Oh no!" Eliane cried vehemently. "Juan wouldn't do that. He wouldn't. I just know that. He'd fall madly in love with another woman—sure he might do that, but if I was in love with another man—" she ran her finger across her throat—"He'd go crazy. He's terribly jealous."

"Yes," Paul said in his slow methodical voice. Although he had never seen Juan, he had formed an impression of him from Eliane's descriptions as a wildly

romantic man, the type one sees on a bullfight poster, waving a brilliant red cloak. "Well, naturally, what things will be like in five years and what they're like now isn't . . . the same thing," he commented weakly.

"But that has nothing to do with it!" Eliane said in exasperation. "Don't be stupid! I'm not talking about being happy. That doesn't matter. It's just that I've finally found someone who's like me, who responds to things the way I do. Don't you see—it was wonderful to find someone like that, who can live in the present, who's alive. Of course, maybe I'll get hurt, but look—I believe life involves pain. "I—

Paul nodded, but said nothing. He watched Eliane as she stretched out on the towel, talking. She was not a beautiful girl, but her vigor and sensuality gave her a special quality which both attracted and repulsed him. Watching her, Paul felt like laughing with delight, and yet at the same time he felt a cool choking hatred and began inwardly accusing her of being egotistical, frivolous, and selfish. "Why don't you cover yourself up?" he said abruptly, almost involuntarily. "Someone might come in."

Eliane looked at him in surprise. "And what of it?" she said defensively, adding in an accusing voice, "People ought to be aware of their bodies. Only some people just never are."

From the way she spoke, it was clear that she meant that such people were either to be looked down upon or pitied. And naturally she puts me in that category, Paul thought. In fascination he stared at her skin which looked greenish under the glaring lamp and at a purple-looking spot on her leg where she had cut herself. Then suddenly she stood up. "Hey, I better get dressed," she said. "He's coming in fifteen minutes."

"Who?" Paul said.

"Alex Mikovsky."

Paul looked at her, surprised. Mikovsky was one of the best known fashion photographers in New York. "Where'd you meet him?" he asked, turning around.

"At work." Eliane bent down to find a shoe. "He came to do this series on summer stuff and I went up to him afterwards."

"Well, very good," Paul said, impressed in spite of himself. "You're moving up in the world."

Mikovsky turned out to be around thirty, a tall lean man with glasses and a hooked nose. He nodded briefly at Paul and then departed with Eliane, saying heartily, "Well, I've got big plans for you tonight. Did you ever hear of a . . ."

His voice was lost as they disappeared down the hall. When they were gone, Paul, left alone in the room, could not decide what to do. He had some blueprints to go over in his briefcase (he was an architect) but he was tired and felt uneasy about Eliane going out with this "older man." Of course, he's not that much older, he reasoned with himself. He's only around five years older than I am, or maybe seven. And why shouldn't she, anyhow? He'll help her get ahead in her work. Besides what difference does it make to me? She's engaged to Juan. Let him worry about it. But the fact remained that he was uneasy and this fact bothered him. What right do I have to impose on her? he thought, staring at the blueprints. I never take her out on dates. There's nothing between us, really.

Paul had always had great fear of imposing on people. In fact, it was nearly impossible for him to express any human emotion for fear he was making an unreasonable demand. In the twenty-four years of his

life he had formed few close relationships with people, particularly with women. He had had one long love affair with a girl who had been even more withdrawn than he, but even to her he had never managed to say, "I love you," either in word or writing. His letters to her he had signed with a brief phrase, typical of his overly literal look on life: "Love (in the loose sense)." Never he had known a girl as intimately as he knew Eliane. He had no sisters, his mother was a rather cold and unaffectionate woman, and most of the time he had spent with his former girl friend had been taken up with discussing philosophy and politics. Even when he used to part with her in the evening, it was only with an effort that he could make himself take her in his arms, and when he did, he would smile ironically and say: "You see—man is essentially an irrational animal." But with Eliane it was different. He could not have said precisely what their relationship was, but he felt when he was with her as though he were someone chilled through and through who was hovering near a fire, trying to absorb some of the warmth.

FOR THE NEXT two hours Paul made an unsuccessful attempt to concentrate on his work. Eventually he heard sounds in the community kitchen and then the sound of Eliane's voice. She'll want to be here alone with him, was his first thought. I ought to go. But on second thought he decided to stay. Even if she wants me to go, I'll stay, he thought with a kind of malicious pleasure.

"Where are the candles?" Eliane was saying as she entered the room with Mikovsky. "I have to have candles. I'm an incurable romantic. I hate electric light, don't you?" Swiftly she lit two candles which she placed on the floor and then snapped off the remaining lights. The room was plunged in darkness and Paul gazed at the shadowy page of the blueprint, not knowing whether to assert himself as an incurable realist and protest or remain silent. To add to his confusion Mikovsky began speaking to Eliane in French which he could barely understand. "Qu'est que c'est qu'il lit avec ce passion là?" Mikovsky said at this moment, pointing to Paul who was hunched over his blueprints in a pre-tense of absorption.

"What're you reading?" Eliane asked, squinting. She had glasses, but was too vain to wear them.

"I'm not reading," Paul said. "It's those blueprints. The ones of the factory."

"Oh," Eliane said, uninterested.

Mikovsky looked at Paul curiously, as though sizing him up. Paul had the feeling he was wondering if he was Eliane's lover and, if not, why he was there in the first place. This made him feel an unconscious resentment toward Mikovsky, a desire to show that he, too, was an important and powerful person. However, he said nothing and simply stared at the man with a cold obstinate expression on his face.

"What I started to say before," Mikovsky said, taking a sip of whiskey and turning so he faced Paul as well as Eliane, "was—I was sitting in this car, just idly, watching this girl walk down the street, watching her backside move to be specific, and it suddenly occurred to me—why not do a movie about what we're all really interested in—sex. A movie about how the blind make love, how it is to touch and not see—everything! So I called Ben, this friend of mine, and told him about it. He didn't say much. He seemed sort of taken aback. So a couple of days later he calls me

and says, 'When you said you wanted to make a movie about sex, I took it you meant about love.'" He laughed. "So there we were—back where we started . . . But some day I'm going to do it, some day before I die. You know how in that book by Corky, he tells how Tolstoy said he'd tell the truth about women just before he died and then pop the lid on the coffin. Well, that's what I am going to do." He turned to Paul, almost challengingly. "What'd you think of that?"

Before Paul could reply, Eliane said scornfully, "Don't ask him. He never thinks of things like that. He believes in 'living by reason.'" Mikovsky looked at Paul in surprise. "I thought that sort of thing went out in the 18th century," he said. "Though, I don't know. Perhaps that's what everyone wants when they're young, isn't it? Truth, Reason, Beauty . . . Isn't that what you want?" he asked Paul, smiling.

Several thoughts raced through Paul's mind. He would have liked to make some cutting reply which would both show Eliane the falseness of her view of him and prove his wit and intelligence to Mikovsky. But he merely said stiffly, "I think it's a little more complicated than that."

Mikovsky laughed. "Oh come on," he said. "Confess. You look like a future truth trumpeter to me. Well, why not?"

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "I—" he began, but Mikovsky interrupted him. "I think I will have some of those gingersnaps," he said to Eliane. "Go get them."

Eliane got up, but, while stepping over the tray, she knocked against the bed and a movie magazine fell on the floor. "Oh," she cried grabbing it and tossing it into the wastebasket. "I—I never read them. I bought that today—when I was so depressed—they're really awful—so cheap . . . Now wait, what was I doing? Oh yes—ginger snaps." She hurried out of the room.

Mikovsky leaned over and glanced at the cover of the magazine which showed a vivacious bosomy starlet draped in a towel. He smiled at Paul. "Still, she compares favorably with this, no?" he said, nodding at the picture.

"I think such comparisons are unnecessary, actually," Paul said.

Mikovsky looked at him in surprise. "Why is it an insult to find her more appealing?" he asked. "I don't understand . . . It's odd. Things must have changed since I was young. I don't understand you. She seems fond of you. It maybe none of my business, but why not get in there and win? You're not worried about that Mexican business, are you? Good Lord!"

The fact that Mikovsky who scarcely knew Eliane or himself had evidently sized up the situation so quickly made Paul both envious and annoyed. He felt tempted to tell Mikovsky exactly how he felt, but as he was thinking of how he could say it, Mikovsky went on. "And I hear you know Russian, eh? I used to know Russian myself. I was working for the army. We were supposed to be taken for real Russians. We were going to land in Bulgaria and yell, 'Ya droog.'"

Paul chuckled.

"What's that?" Eliane said, opening the door.

"I am your friend," said Paul, watching Eliane's face intently and suddenly feeling his face flush. He looked away.

"You know, they even gave us gold teeth," Mikovsky continued. He stopped, seeing the severe serious expression on Paul's face and laughed. "No, I'm only joking," he said. "They didn't really."

Paul, who had not heard him, nodded vaguely, but Eliane interrupted excitedly, "That's not fair. You shouldn't do that, you know? You shouldn't tease people. My father used to do that. He used to tease me about being ugly and, you know, you shouldn't do that to a child. I hated thinking I was ugly . . . If you have daughters, don't tease them like that. You—"

As she was speaking, Paul had the feeling that her whole speech was merely meant to provoke a feeling of incredulity on their part as how anyone could have called this obviously attractive girl ugly. This vanity of Eliane's, although he had seen evidences of it many times before, irritated him now. He was surprised when Mikovsky interrupted her. "J'en ai deux," he said in a slow, scarcely audible voice, looking at the ground. There was a moment's pause and then he said louder and more distinctively, "I have two daughters."

"Oh? You do?" Eliane's voice rose high with surprise. "I didn't know you were married."

"I'm divorced," he said. "They live with their mother. I . . . hardly ever see them."

There was an embarrassed pause. "How old are they?" Eliane said finally.

"One's six and one's eight." Mikovsky smiled with a genuinely warm and tender expression. "They're beautiful little girls," he said.

Eliane nodded eagerly. "I can imagine," she said.

They talked for a while longer. Gradually Paul began to feel relaxed and even to enjoy being there. He decided that Mikovsky was basically a friendly pleasant person who understood Eliane well, perhaps better than he did himself. To him she was just another young girl he was going out with and her pretentiousness and desire to captivate must have seemed to him natural and unimportant. This casualness seemed wonderful and enviable to Paul. He stared hard at Mikovsky, as though by staring at him he might absorb some of this attitude himself, and soon he really did feel more casual, as though they were two men of the world who understood each other. He decided, too, that he had been absurd to exaggerate the importance of this date, and that very fact that they were sitting there talking to him showed that there was no physical attraction between them—only an interest in each other as people.

After about twenty minutes Mikovsky got up. "Well, I guess I'd better be going," he said.

"I'll see you to the door," said Eliane, getting up.

"So long," Mikovsky said to Paul. "Good luck."

A few minutes later Eliane came back in the room.

"He seemed like a nice fellow," Paul said with a forced casualness.

"Umm," said Eliane, half in a daze. She said nothing more, but stood where she was, staring straight ahead blankly. Then suddenly she said, turning to Paul, "Did you notice the way he just said, 'Go in and get some gingersnaps. I want some.' Not even asking." She smiled. "Most men wouldn't do that," she said. "Most American men, anyway."

Paul, thinking of all the times he had gone in to bring gingersnaps or tea to Eliane, winced. "I suppose it's because he's so much older than you," he said, trying to get back at her.

"He's not so much older," said Eliane quickly. "He's only thirty-five. But he's had a hard time. You can tell just by looking at him. I bet his wife was a bitch." She laughed. "I told him all about Juan," she said, sitting on the bed opposite Paul, "only he didn't seem to

want to talk about it. I guess because he thought—well, just my being so happy—I guess it depressed him. Like I said how I wondered if Juan and I would stay together since we both like people so much and he said something like—what was it? Oh yes—Then you'll go on to better things."

Paul made a grimace "What balcony," he said with disgust.

"Why?" Eliane looked at him. "I don't think so at all." She leaned back and abruptly forward again and said in a loud voice, "You know, it's so terrible."

"What?" said Paul, startled.

"It's so terrible," she repeated. "He's had such a hard life. And he's a real person too. You can't just ignore him. Do you know what he said to me? He said, 'I haven't been able to speak to anyone for ten years.' She frowned. "God, this keeps happening," she said and she stared at Paul as though he were in some way responsible. "Why doesn't Juan come?" she asked him intently.

"What?" said Paul, unable to follow her sudden change of mood.

"When we were out," she went on, without waiting for his answer, "while we were waiting for the elevator—suddenly he kissed me. It was so sad. I can't explain it. Like I was so young and I have Juan and I couldn't be in love with him. It was so sad." She looked musingly at the ground. "Oh well, yes, why not say it—yes, of course, I kissed him back. That's true, too, and I made it happen. I didn't have to go to the door with him. But you know what was funny? He kissed me like—just a bear hug—the way my father used to kiss me. He just flung his arms around me and hugged me so hard."

At these words Paul felt himself turn cold all over. It was not only that he felt he had been deceiving himself all along about Eliane's interest in this one man, her interest in him "as a person." It was that his pride was revolted at the thought that for the sake of anyone, even of this disillusioned man who so clearly had no real interest in her she could work herself up into such a frenzy. Paul sat there, in his mind imagining Mikovsky giving Eliane a bear hug in her pink sweater, like cotton candy, and a rigid despairing mood took hold of him.

"Oh my God," Eliane said, jumping up.

Involuntarily Paul got up too and they stood looking at each other.

"Oh—I forgot to get my cigarette case back. Oh no—that's terrible. Oh God. Why'd I do that?"

"Do what?" Paul asked. "What'd you do?"

But Eliane was too distracted to listen to him. She paced the room, talking in a rapid excited voice. She said that Mikovsky would think she had left it with him on purpose so he would have to see her again. "Don't you see? Oh how awful! I can't let him think that!" She went on, trying to decide what to do while Paul stood there watching her, not knowing why she should be in such a state. He tried to understand what she was feeling, but the whole thing seemed to him absurd and illogical. Why should Mikovsky care whether or not she'd forgotten about her cigarette case? He could send it around, bring it over some day. It was so simple and unimportant, and yet when he made these suggestions, Eliane turned on him and cried angrily with a vindictive expression, "You can't understand anything can you?"

Finally, in exasperation, Paul suggested she go now and get it from him. At first Eliane resisted this idea, but gradually it seemed to appeal to her more and more. Finally with her coat half on she said, "Should I go really? He said he lives on 96th street, so he'll probably be walking. Should I go?"

"Yes—go—do it," Paul said, torn between impatience and jealousy.

"But I shouldn't be so dependent on people," Eliane protested. "I shouldn't bother with them so much."

"Oh God! Don't be stupid!" yelled Paul. "What do you mean you shouldn't be dependent? God, how can you be alive and not be dependent on people? What are you talking about?"

Eliane burst out laughing. "The declaration of independence," she said. She laughed again and playfully punched him in the stomach. "You're always telling me to obey my impulses," she said. Just then the elevator came. Half frightened again, she said, "Should I go, though, really?"

Paul suddenly had an impulse to say no, but he restrained himself and said, "Come on. Just get going. Don't be silly."

AFTER SHE HAD left, Paul went back to the room. Restlessly he walked back and forth, drank the remains of the whiskey, stared out the window. Then he walked slowly back to his own room. But instead of going in, he just stood there, leaning against the wall. It was absolutely quiet except for some dance music coming from a radio down the hall. Fine, he thought bitterly. She'll go meet him and he'll be overjoyed and they'll spend the night together and it'll all be ducky. Fine. He pictured to himself Eliane running all the way along Amsterdam Avenue and Mikovsky strolling slowly, looking in windows. She would tap him on the shoulder and in her incoherent intense way tell him—oh who knew what she'd tell him? Who cared? And she had gone because of him, because he always encouraged her to obey her impulses! That astonished him. Was it true actually? And as soon as he began thinking about it, at once it seemed to Paul that it was true, that with Eliane, as with other women in the past, his whole relationship with her was based on holding himself back, on preventing himself from giving way to some one irrational impulse which was symbolized to him by the idea of sleeping with her. It was not precisely loss of dignity he feared or even loss of rationality. It was rather simply fear—of a strange elusive kind, fear that suddenly, by this one act, he might totally lose control of himself, go to pieces, explode. He could not have said why he felt this. It was at odds with everything he thought consciously or would ever have expressed openly, but he knew that when he imagined becoming deeply dependent on Eliane, the result he conceived of was chaos, pure and simple. What was strange to him was that it was his freedom to act openly that he would have liked to have more than anything, and it was this kind of person—both man and woman—to whom he had always found himself becoming attached. It was as though by this attachment he hoped he might share in the freedom, to feel in some way capable of doing what Eliane did in every moment of her life without thinking, what perhaps Juan, that shadowy mysterious figure, did also.

Disgusted with himself, Paul opened the door to his room. He reached up to click on the light, but he

couldn't find the cord. Blindly, he waved his hand around in the dark, searching for it. Once he hit it, but then it swung out of his grasp. "Oh Christ!" he said aloud in exasperation.

He tried to sleep, but his mood of tenseness and anger prevented him from relaxing. He kept turning from one side of the bed to the other and every few minutes his broken clock would give a short croak and then subside again. Each time Paul gave a start and finally, reaching over, stuffed it wrathfully into his desk drawer. For one reason he kept thinking of Mikovsky's voice saying in that quiet sad way, "J'en ai deux." The words repeated themselves in his mind over and over, as though counselling him to go and seize whatever pleasure there was in being young since this was so fragile and so quickly out of grasp.

Eventually he heard a noise in the hall, bounded out of bed, and saw Eliane standing near the kitchen. She started when she saw him. Her face was pink and she was breathing hard.

"I couldn't find him," she said tragically, and with these words Paul felt an almost uncontrollable feeling of delight. He followed her into her room and listened with sympathy to her story of how she had run ten blocks—and all the while relief and the warmth of the whiskey made him feel a happiness such as he had never known. He heard her speaking and soon saw her emerge from her closet, clad in a red bathrobe, her hair loose.

"Look, don't worry about it," he stammered, leaping up and going over to her. "Don't worry."

Eliane seemed to have been waiting for these words—or perhaps any words that would have soothed her feeling of frustration and hurt. Wordlessly she turned to him and flung her arms around his neck, half sobbing, half panting with exhaustion.

"Don't worry," Paul murmured again, almost unconsciously beginning to caress her. "It'll be all right."

WHEN PAUL AWOKE in the morning, the room seemed very warm. Light was coming through the venetian blinds onto his face and he squinted and sat up. By his side Eliane was half smothered in blankets, her hair spread out in a tangle on the pillow. Paul looked at her, at her puffy eyes and lipstick smeared mouth and felt an overwhelming feeling of disgust. Getting up, he washed his face with cold water and dried himself vigorously, but still the feeling remained.

"What time is it?" Eliane said thickly. "Hmm?"

"Nine," Paul replied curtly. He tried to find the blueprints he had brought in the night before, but the room was in a shambles and he could only see one page, stuffed in between the pillows of the couch. One candle had burned down and a long stream of wax had hardened along the rim of the pillow, overflowing onto the first page of his papers. Hastily he searched out the others and silently returned to his room. It seemed to him he had to do something—to clean things up, to take a bath, to start working. He felt almost feverishly energetic, although it was Saturday and he had planned to take the day off for a drive.

All day Paul worked, shutting himself up in his room, rearranging the plan of his project and only emerging for meals. Finally, by the end of the day, he felt that everything in his life was organized again, under control. But, as it happened, the next morning he awoke beside Eliane again, and the next morning and the next.

And each time the same disgust filled him, the same feeling of wanting to clean himself, while on his papers could be found little pools of hardened candle wax, like scattered flower petals. It was in vain that he tried to rub out the stains.

Three Poems

SONG FOR A YOUNG GIRL

let me flow, now
in tides of breath,
sea flower
and salute soft sun,
navel of rose and gold
of the woman who is morning.
my white skin
you have coloured, shansi.
you of the slow spring.
majestic one,
may your loins
— girdle of flame —
never know wooden things.
a girl dreaming of horses,
I welcome you with beds of grass.
oranges and dates
for your early lips.
as you dismount,
your beautiful head
eclipses the sun. under
this darkness I sink
too weak to remove your robes.
perfectly drunk with morning,
we lie by your horse.
he eats the oranges
and will probably be ill.

REQUIEM

A cardinal
flown through white lead,
you have lost all colour
and your flight.
Frigid women harry your name,
and you are dumb
by the jeers of men.
Turn away inside
a bell of the mind
where you may remember only
what sounds young bodies
make with grass
and — lip on lip —
moist throats impel.
Lattice of sinews, I shield;
beneath bronze, dream
and let the lull dry all your cries.
The world un-named's
cadaverous
to you, song-calmed,
earth's waste being but a blur
beyond your terse, candescent lids.
Close them, lavish and broken,
lock all the doors
to the raped world's bed,
and count
how like a night
my love
obscures
the falling rain.

NEW MARRIAGE

Your breasts are not fruit
nor fine sighs arched
with breath; they slope, softly,
sagging with age.
Your scent is not of lilacs
but simply sweat:
bitter, pungent and desirable.
Your thighs have acquired
a flaccidity or an undulation,
and your labia
are no longer tight.

Now, no longer a torch,
you have become vaguely infinite.
We have both entered the dark
and fallen a second time

with a child who wanders
between us.

DAVID DONNELL

Stratford 1961

JACK WINTER

*O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.—Henry VIII, II, i*

HENRY VIII

Henry VIII is a bad play. Constructed loosely on a Medieval fall-of-princes format, it documents three variations on the theme, handling three deaths, one coronation, and one christening along the way. Besides an overall tone of cloying melodrama, the play includes some of the unhappiest dialogue and clumsiest theatrics in the Shakespeare canon: lines like "his abject object," "This Ipswich fellow's insolence," "By my life, This is against our pleasure"—devices like the overused long level look, a spate of anonymous exposition-mongers, instantaneous love or hate, illogical character conversion. Speech content often runs counter to pictorial content: the enfeebled and dying Katharine expostulates at length on Wolsey's political stature. What little humor there is, is remarkably crude and irrelevant to the central issues. In fact, if the spectacle-potential of the play were not so obvious, one might wonder why Stratford chose to waste its time on such a hodge-podge potboiler.

Regarding costume, *Henry VIII* is a man's play. From Henry, massive in gold and black, to Wolsey, appropriately fishy in red, the men's outfits are wholly triumphant. Katharine's black dress of state is the only comparable piece of female attire on display. The christening scene concludes the play in a magnificent yellow burst of sartorial prodigality. The equivalent, one wonders, of how many acting scholarships, of how many subsidized new plays, of how many amateur productions was consumed in that glorious ten-minute explosion of color.

The cast is of distinctly uneven value. Jack Creley's Buckingham is without any real stature. His pronunciation is inconsistent and phony, his breath is short and audible; he shrills or bellows for emphasis, pouts for cogitation, and never achieves any real control over the audience's empathy despite a rash of clap-traps in

his final monologue.

Kate Reid as Queen Katharine commands a certain degree of sympathy and demonstrates an emotional range hitherto unplumbed by her. However, her monotonous voice, her clumsy movement, and (especially) her insuperable head-shaking, breast-grasping, wind-voiced T.V. mannerisms severely limit her achievement. Her Katharine is sometimes pathetic: largely because she does not speak one non-pathetic line, and because the word "pity" is associated with her some dozen times. In the death scene—so sensitively recited by Gwen Frangcon-Davies at the Crest last year—Reid ranges from senile mugging to spraddle-legged extinction, but rarely touches the queenly.

Douglas Campbell manfully attacks the title role and, on the whole, manages effectively. Henry is, of course, a divided characterization. On the one hand, he must appear consistently regal. On the other, he must constitute the only wholly successful political practitioner in the play. He is a norm both in and above the world of aspirant, grovelling, naive and hypocritical Man. Campbell easily ties together the two sides of the character by means of a heavily ironic, unpredictable, and infectious sense of humor: his swaggering entrance in defence of Cranmer against Winchester is a masterpiece of studied nonchalance and wry authoritarianism.

Douglas Rain is confronted by an analogous problem in Cardinal Wolsey, and he answers it more subtly than Campbell does his. Before his fall Wolsey is an overwhelmingly malign creature (Rain looks like the Figure of Death in *The Seventh Seal*). After his condemnation he becomes the almost noble and definitely sympathizable interlocutor of one of Shakespeare's most moving soliloquies. Rain chooses the more difficult technique of counterpointing the two aspects of his characterization, rather than harmonizing them by means of an attitude adopted from outside the text. Thus he very subtly minglest hatred and odium with pathos and nobility. In his last scene with Cromwell, for example, he flares with envy of Cranmer at the very moment of his final *contemptus mundi*. Since his Iago of 1959 it has been clear that Douglas Rain is one of the most intelligent actors to appear at Stratford.

Clearly the only way to watch a play as bad as *Henry VIII* is with an eye to the production. But even after being dutifully impressed by its gorgeousness, one still wonders whether the whole thing was worth the opulent effort.

CORIOLANUS

Stratford's *Coriolanus* suffers from under-research and a whole-hearted misinterpretation of the action. It is difficult to see just how Michael Langham could have missed the point of this least subtle of the Roman plays quite so widely. And, unfortunately, in any terms other than Shakespeare's, this relatively minor tragedy collapses into self-contradiction, irrelevance, and insipidness.

Coriolanus is a victim of Pride. (He is called "proud" no fewer than twenty-two times!) More specifically he is a super-individualist who seeks to re-position himself by his own efforts on that divinely ordained and inviolable socio-religious hierarchy which lies at the heart of the Elizabethan cosmos. As such he is an earthly agent of universal disorder around whom whirl the storms of civil and international war, of

domestic and social inversion, of potential chaos. And although Shakespeare has leisure and genius enough also to humanize this gigantic figure, any attempt to render him *only* in terms of the mundane destroys much of the play's thematic content, vitiates most of its theatrical effectiveness, and reduces the language to grandiloquent fustian hugely in excess of the facts.

Langham's interpretive keynote is diminution! All facets of the production reflect the flaw. Even the horrendous decision to costume in styles of the French Revolution is a part of the pattern. The motives for the director's notion are obvious and consistently superficial. There is enough in the surface of the play to warrant a first impression of class conflicts which appear to be similar to the class conflicts of the French Revolution. Bluntly, there is a fickle mob, there are inflexible aristocrats, there is a revolutionary hero. But surely the similarities are shallow and dangerously misleading. The mob in *Coriolanus* is a motley of duped vulgarians who vacillate under the direction of various trade-unionist charlatans, and who are never in real danger of controlling the progress of a revolution or of forging a revolution of their own. The aristocracy is not contemptible, and is primarily represented by a genial and humane champion of the hero who mediates between the anti-heroic patricians and the unscrupulous representatives of the faceless mob. Finally, to see Napoleon in *Coriolanus* is obviously inane, but the shock of the obtrusive costuming almost requires an audience to attempt the parallel. And such obvious efforts to diffuse and universalize this over-specific analogy between two revolutionary times by giving Roman senators leather portfolios and the Roman mob steel crowbars only blurs and burlesques the point.

The character of the protagonist is similarly diminished. Coriolanus' Pride is seen exclusively in terms of the modern perversion of the word as a sort of thin-lipped integrity—Jack Armstrong in a toga. Menenius' "His nature is too noble for this world" is delivered in tones of bug-eyed admiration, and Scofield perpetually confesses his sin a virtue. Granted the character has overtones of intelligence: after all one remains in sympathy with the quisling only insofar as one is conscious of his sensitivity as a man and his integrity as a soldier. The central irony in the play, however, is the eternal incompatibility between the rampantly inflexible, self-centred idealist and the pandering, opportunistic political utilitarian. And Shakespeare was not primarily concerned with a moralistic value judgement on this clash. The play is more a satire than a tragedy. All are criticized: the senators and consuls for their hypocritical time-serving, the mob for its mindless enthusiasm, and Coriolanus for his petulant obstinacy and self-righteous inhumanity. Coriolanus is an anti-nationalist of terrible and impressive stature. It is only the sentimentalist searching for an emphatic thumb to suck who needs also to see him as totally admirable and as Shakespeare's recommended norm. Coriolanus is far closer to Brutus as seen by Antony, to Hotspur as seen by Falstaff, to Brand as seen by Ibsen, than he is to Hemingway's Jake Barnes. To miss this point is to over-simplify the play, and to render its strongest moments pointless. Volumnia's stature is diluted if her son is merely a right-minded purist, and her kneeling to him in the climactic scene of the play must connote hysterical heroics rather than cosmic inversion. The character of Aufidius is split in two, and therefore theatrically ceases to exist. His embracing Coriolanus

is effective insofar as both are seen as giants of the human spirit—as allies only in the highest ethic of universal nobility. But to protect *Coriolanus'* figuration as a likeable man, Aufidius is forced finally to become a contemptible, gnashing villain. And so in an ultimate tear-bath of melodrama *Coriolanus* is anachronistically shot in the back and then stabbed by Aufidius who then delivers himself of a blubberingly offensive recantation. It is too late to recoup the characterization. Scofield does emerge as pitiable and pristine as an acquired prostitute, but his victory is distinctly pyrrhic: the play as a whole has entered the ranks of detergent-tragedy.

Most of the minor inconsistencies in the production devolve correspondingly. The pace of the first section with kaleidoscopic entrances and exits, fluid blacking and swirling movement is so breathless that even Scofield's magnificent voice and delivery are uneven and blurred in the general rush of things. His rather curious habit of milking verse pauses, and his rancorous monotone are also displayed to disadvantage. The large scale battles are carried on symbolically in balletic mime. The effect, however, is vitiated in the Aufidius/*Coriolanus* combat which involves some of the most realistic sword-fights ever inflicted upon a thrill-seeking audience.

Perhaps at root the fault is Stratford's peculiar star-system; the annual importation of a super-virtuoso around whom whole productions must centre, and who must emerge as consistently stellar and unfailingly likeable. Accordingly, Stratford redirects its attention only occasionally from a sensational flattering of tourist stars and audiences to the creation of integrated productions.

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST

As one of Shakespeare's first works and as largely a topical satire, *Love's Labor's Lost* is hardly a genuine problem play or dark comedy. But the elements are unquestionably there. In four acts of wit and love play Shakespeare light-heartedly documents the various excesses of dilettante academics, clotted pedants, hypocritical anti-feminists, euphuistic pseudo-melancholics, and so on. And in one last act he seemingly aborts the whole with the sudden announcement of Death. All affectation is dropped, and the green world "begins to cloud"; in the final *débat* the Cuckoo sings of a fearful Spring replete with cuckolds, and the Owl concludes with the non-comic note of "nipp'd," "foul," and "brooding" Winter. Moreover, the end does not constitute an end: "it wants a twelvemonth an' a day" to make the sport a comedy. But since in Drama there are no half gestures, the director must tie the segments together and splice up an end. All in all Michael Langham does his job admirably.

To forge a logic and harmony in the play as a whole, Langham relies on two main devices: a general retardation of pace, and a deepened and increased sobriety of tone throughout.

According to the first, Langham deliberately decelerates the pace of the production wherever possible before V, ii. Thus the old Forester's five lines of naive bewilderment at court manners and wit are given a dimension of pathos which stops the action with a momentary twinge, the Princess of France's speech of empathy for the deer about to be hunted down slows to a poignant stand-still, Katharine dwells reflectively on her long-dead sister, and the overall textual divi-

sion (Part One: I—IV; Part Two: V) permits a lingering final act.

According to the second technique (and perhaps taking a cue from Christopher Plummer's Bastard in the clever 1960 production of *King John*), the character of Don Armado is inflated in prominence and seriousness, and is made to act as a bridge over the disharmony. An inarticulately shrill and purposely over-young Moth is irritating, but helpful in this respect. Scofield's tailored voice—he can turn his back, cross the stage, mount the stairs, and face forward on the balcony with no audible change in volume or clarity—is made still more meaningful when it is contrasted with Moth's screaming articulation. And because of his extreme youth the wit of the "acute juvenal" which regularly discomforts his master becomes the merest reiteration of previously learned lessons. The effect is to deepen the character of Don Armado: he becomes wittier and more genial than he appears in a mere reading of the play, and he consistently retains the audience's affection and, amazingly, their respect. With Scofield's help, Armado becomes a restrained Jaques, a wistful and evocative transitional figure mediating between the scintillation of the first part and the sombreness of the second.

If an audience still has some difficulty in making the transition, this is largely due to Stratford's habit of pleasantizing material for summer consumption. The tongues of the "mocking wenches" sometimes display a tone of muted savagery. (Rosaline and Berowne may anticipate Beatrice and Benedick.) The spat between Katharine and Rosaline is a study in high-bred rancor. Berowne's plea to the princess is ignored, and his sensitivities continue to be lacerated. Here is matter for momentary pause, but in the interests of pleasant fare pathos and wistfulness are preferred to complexity, and the points remain unstressed.

This tendency to under-rate the intensification of Comedy (*cf.* last year's slapstick *Midsummer Night's Dream*) is also evident elsewhere in this production. It is only in the shoddiest of plays that the devices of verbal "tags" or "signature" mannerisms are required to differentiate one character from another. (In the lamentable *The Canvas Barricade*, for example, hardly one character is free of the trick.) Despite the fact that Shakespeare rarely resorts to such theatrics, Langham has considered it necessary to give many of his characters individuality by conferring upon them a series of habitual quirks. Thus Costard is emphatically Cockney, Dull has a signature salute, Boyet has a bow, Jaquenetta has a milkmaid giggle. The device is carried to an obtrusive extreme in the matching hair coloration of the four pairs of courtiers and ladies.

Although *Love's Labor's Lost* is a highly organic production and does not suffer from the "montage direction" accorded *Coriolanus*, several scenes and patterns do stand out in the memory. The ladies from the courts of France are particularly well assorted, and are clearly individualized by costume, diction, and subtly variant degrees of mincing. The interrogations of Boyet by the four courtiers, and the overheard-letters scene are hilarious studies in patterned blocking. The staging of the scene in which Boyet flutters between the disguised courtiers and the masked ladies is fluid, and is choreographed most interestingly and aptly to the tempo of the verse. Most impressive of all is the entrance of the black-plumed messenger of death. He appears as if by magic at the centre of a scene of

whirling revelry which then stops abruptly. The last scene with its slow Owl and Cuckoo song, the dimming of the hitherto bright lights, the downward drift of three autumn leaves, and Don Armado's final gesture of muffling himself in his scarf, movingly suggests the death of summer revels in the first breath of Fall. This coda beautifully caps and justifies the carefully orchestrated tone of the production.

Turning New Leaves

►AMONG THE RABBIS, scholars, and prophets chanting their prayers, glosses, and oracles in the academies and Talmudic schools of recent Canadian poetry, two of the most celebrated are Leonard Cohen and Daryl Hine. Readers with a taste for Talmudism who remember the first volumes of Cohen and Hine will, of course, turn eagerly to their new publications* expecting to find in them the predicted "poetry of released powers." They will not be disappointed. Both poets put on once more the sort of astonishing display of curious wisdom, bizarre imaginings, and dark wit which immediately separated their earlier work from the run-of-the-mill mythologizing occasionally produced by their peculiar brand of "professionalism." But they have added something to the act. Whether one chooses to call it mastery of form or confidence in approaching major themes and images is perhaps beside the point. Whatever it may be, it is clearly a central source of poetic pleasure. Nevertheless, one can expect to hear complaints. Both poets are whole-heartedly committed to a reading of existence as a book, and this, the organizing metaphor of their work, is precisely what will drive some readers to despairing comments about the sterility of an essentially literary inspiration. But if *The Spice-Box of Earth* and *The Devil's Picture Book* cannot convince readers that literary inspiration may be the source of a valid and exciting poetry, nothing ever will.

The potential of bookish poetry shows up strikingly in the radically different routes which Cohen and Hine take in their approaches to the problem of a symbolic interpretation of existence. One a Hebraic, the other a classical approach to the traditional metaphor of the book of God's works, both seem at a glance esoteric roads to travel. Both end in front of the same dark tower, the point where metaphor collides with the problem of evil. A poetry which, in Cohen's phrase, asks you "to estimate your distance from the Belsen heap" is not irrelevant, whatever else it may be.

Daryl Hine begins with irony, the irony of a world of appearance for which, in name at least, there are universals. The problem is to reconcile names and existence. And the solution is to see that existence is inverted poetry. It is the devil's picture book, a tantalizing pageant of images endlessly repeating their unfulfilled promise of an absolute revelation. The theme is variously expressed: hell as heaven's dark reflection; existence as the "remaining correspondences" of a light which is elsewhere. Almost any poem of the book would do as an example, though the clearest, certainly the most surprising, is "The Destruction of Sodom." Here vice

becomes "a tribute to imagination" as exemplified in the "unimaginable perversion" of the debauched city, itself a perverse image of the new Jerusalem:

O, where is that heaven of the imagination,
The first and least accessible of cities,
If not in the impossible kingdom of perversion?
Its angels have no sexes and no bodies,
Its speech, no words, its instruments, no uses.
None enter there but those who know their vices.

These "dark reflections" appropriately take the form of repeating images in mirrors or reflecting surfaces like water, but throughout the book the modulations are subtle and striking. We find not only swans "Confused between the water and the air," At home in either image of the lake," but double-goers, stars which "glitter as if dissembling another/ World of which each knows herself the ghost," bodies which become shells for their own echoes, and, surprising geometrician, a plump Circe who again rolls round the mills of our content. Just as the images repeat themselves, the knife-sharp diction too returns upon itself in puns and syntactical mirrors: "Night to night intricate darkness shows"; "A double, although doubles have nowhere/ To keep their bodies"; "In Venus's clutches, under Venus' mound." A list (like this one) of the obvious means might suggest that however skilful he is as a mechanician, Hine is open to the charge of rigidity, but his strictness is really a measure of his unusual power. In fact, it comes as a surprise to discover there are only nineteen poems in *The Devil's Picture Book*. For all their repetitions, they exhibit more variety than many more imposing volumes, and for all their variety they insist on a single vision. At times, Hine seems to be quarreling with a muse whom he refuses to court; again, he becomes a sleeper dreaming of flickering shadows on the walls of a Platonic cave; often he contemplates, with the awesome indifference of a catatonic, Manichean clashes of light and dark. Yet whatever the dramatic pose, it issues in a poetry that is, for all the calculated echoes, wonderfully original: a stately and austere dance-macabre, always impressive in its restrained melancholy, its wry gloom, and its magical insights.

Down on the other road, Leonard Cohen may be discovered reading, not Hine's Plato, but the Old Testament or more probably the Sabbath service to which his *The Spice-Box of Earth* is a kind of gloss. In one of the many fine illustrations provided by Frank Newfeld we find an appropriate rabbi, the figure in which Cohen appears throughout his handsome book. He is rabbi as dancer, as holy man (an incarnate Baal Shem Tov), as lover (especially in "Credo"), as God's opponent in the fierce, personal way of "Absurd Prayer", and as God's exponent in priestly satire. The role enables Cohen to produce some inspired pieces of what might be called synagoguery, exuberant faking of religious sentiment for the sake of exoticism. But since Cohen's rabbi is meant to be something of a charlatan, not to say a wounded teacher in a "silent, looney bin", no one need complain that the boisterousness is merely put on. In fact, more than once Hebraism mingles gaily with Hellenism as Cohen throws a mantle of Marcellian wit over his prayer shawl (notably in "The Priest Says Goodbye"), and along with the carpe-diem poems there are some wildly ironic versions of poetry's celebration of its own immortality. The best, I think, is the hilarious "Cuckold's Song," but some will undoubtedly

* THE DEVIL'S PICTURE BOOK: Daryl Hine; Abelard, Schuman; pp. 31; \$2.00. THE SPICE BOX OF EARTH: Leonard Cohen; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 99; cloth, \$3.00; paper, \$1.50.

prefer the rollicking dance with Layton in "Four Penny" or the "sun-flower" tribute to the Van Goghs in "Good Brothers." Ranging as it does through Montreal taverns, fairy tales, and Greek myth as well as Hebrew lore, *The Spice-Box of Earth* is richly diverse in subject and tone, but nonetheless it is not a random collection of lyrics. It is unified, powerfully, by recurrent patterns and an informing theme. Cohen's intensely personal and sensual approach, in fact, is dictated by a precise scheme, the pattern of which is delineated in the symbolism of his title, the Sabbath poems, and the totally serious and accomplished prose-poem, "Lines from My Grandfather's Journal," which concludes the book. In these, Cohen points to the source, if that is not too cool a word, of his vision: the "Separation" service, the Cabalistic psalms, and the Song of Songs imagery of the Sabbath ceremonies. Like the Sabbath songs, the spice-box image provides a commentary on Cohen's remark in the "Journal": "I played with the idea that I was the Messiah." Here, as in the Safed chants which inspire the poems, symbolism, a bringing-together, images the atonement or the coming of the predicted Messiah who will unite dismembered Israel. In the light of such Messianic thought, Cohen's images and *dramatis personae* stand out with something more than the quaint local colouring of ghetto and synagogue. The recurrent fathers and sons, masters and slaves, lovers and victims of Cohen's book reveal themselves finally as forms of one of the oldest metaphors of poetry, the wedding of heaven and earth. It is this metaphor which accounts for the sense of urgency and crisis in Cohen's poetry and equally for the extraordinary joy which bursts out in spite of his awareness of "the smell of burning cities." For it is a metaphor which can transform handkerchiefs into burning clouds, lawns into green prayer shawls, houses into silver flags, and broken, tormented bodies into jewelled spice-boxes.

Obviously, both Cohen and Hine will provoke comment. There will be words about Hellenism and Hebraism, sin and redemption, even about Toronto and Montreal. But, for now, the poets may be permitted to have the last word, something from the *Spice-Box* for both of them: "The rich old treasures still glow in the sand under the tumbled battlement."

E. W. MANDEL.

Books Reviewed

THE ORIGINS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR:
A. J. P. Taylor; Hamish Hamilton; pp. 296; \$5.50.

It is as difficult for Alan Taylor to be dull as it is for Arnold Toynbee to be brief. Any reader of the author's previous work cannot but recall his clarity, apt quotations, provocative generalizations, and frequent impish judgments. His latest opus is no exception and will compel many students of recent diplomatic history to re-examine what has been too long taken for granted. As Mr. Taylor points out, whereas the views held of the origins of World War One were sharply revised within twenty years, "twenty years and more after the outbreak of the Second World War nearly everyone accepts the explanations which were given in September, 1939." Briefly, they were that one man alone, Hitler, was responsible for the coming of the war and he had planned for it systematically and almost with the precision of a military time-table. Such a view the author challenges, seeking only "to under-

stand what happened, not to vindicate nor condemn." As he himself indicates, the records are still far from complete, notably on the Russian side (surprisingly he omits from his bibliography the collection of documents *Nazi-Soviet Relations 1939-1941*), but he finds enough evidence to demonstrate to his own satisfaction that Hitler, "a master in the art of waiting," profited far more from the mistakes of his opponents than from the cunning of his own plans. "The systems attributed to Hitler are really those of Hugh Trevor-Roper, Elizabeth Wiskemann, and Alan Bullock." In many cases, Mr. Taylor argues, action was almost forced upon Hitler as in the annexation of Austria or the occupation of Prague. Scattered through the book are incisive character appraisals, such as that of Lord Halifax, who "was always at the centre of things, yet managed somehow to leave the impression that he was not connected with them." Of Daladier we are told that "on every occasion he spoke decisively against appeasement, and then acquiesced in it."

Much of what Taylor says so well and with such effective use of the British and German documents is a wholesome corrective to oversimplified indictments of an evil genius. But at times one cannot but feel that in reaction against past indictments the author goes to the other extreme to give Hitler the benefit of the doubt and to flay his opponents. Such is the case in his discussion of the Hossbach memorandum of November, 1937, or in the reference to Hitler's speaking in "gentle terms" about Schuschnigg and Austria after their interview in February, 1938. British statesmen made more than their share of mistakes before 1939, but it is simply not true that Hore Belisha, when Secretary of War, was dismissed because he raised in "high quarters" the bad state of Belgian defences. It is surely an exaggeration to say that the first serious moves to bring about a Nazi-Soviet pact came "beyond question" from the German side. Stalin was certainly serious in planting on at least three occasions carefully worded hints that "Barkis was willing" before the Germans took the action they did. Similarly, to write that "Spain duly remained neutral during the Second World War, except in regard to Russia," glides over the events of 1940.

As a vigorous rebuttal to the previous devilish theory of how the Second World War was all Hitler's fault this book is of value. But it is very far from being the last word upon the subject.

F. H. SOWARD

DARWIN IN RETROSPECT: edited by H. L. Nesbitt; Ryerson; pp. 86; \$1.75.

One of the last, but in many ways, one of the most original contributions commemorating the centenary of the publication of the *Origin of Species* has been produced by five professors from Carleton College. The impact of the "Origin" on subsequent thought is examined within various contexts: religious, moral, economic, and artistic.

The editor, H. H. L. Nesbitt, Professor of Biology, introduces the discussion. Here is a remarkably precise and clear statement of Darwin's theory of evolution together with its more modern elaborations. Although the theory resulted in the discarding of the cherished belief in the immutability of species, no less magnificent, indeed, much more so, is the current belief in the intricate "web of life."

This conclusion is carried into the religious field by

J. C. S. Wernham, Associate Professor of Philosophy. Even though Darwin's personal religious convictions apparently crumbled as his research progressed, the author sees no necessary incompatibility between Christianity (properly understood) and the theory of evolution. The Book of Genesis, he says, is not to be taken as either an eye witness account of the origin of human life, or a scientific document of it. Just as with many theories (for example, the social contract theory of the origin of organized society), the Genesis account of creation should not be taken literally, but rather as a "purposeful myth." Where no scientific account of the actual origin is possible, such myths serve a useful purpose.

Just as the theory of evolution caused a religious fervor, so, in the field of ethics, the origin of moral values came under close inspection. Bernard Wand, Associate Professor of Philosophy, justifies this association by illustrating the positive value of the theory within this context. The theory of evaluation is useful here in that it enlarges our knowledge of human nature, its limitations, and its achievable goals. However, various fallacies and pitfalls are inherent in any evolutionary ethics. In examining the process of evolution, one may see conflict as the driving force, cooperation as the most important instrument, love, envy, hate, or any other human attitude known to man. Antithetical conclusions naturally follow from the same theory. The fallacy lies in not realizing that biological evolution is concerned with only part of reality. An enlarged metaphysical view, one including all known experience, must be formulated in order to construct an ethic of any consistent quality.

Darwin's own conditioning influences, together with their relationship with other social writers of his time, are examined by Scott Gordon. These are seen as less significant than one would imagine. What is important in evolutionary theory, within the context of economics, is not that it inspired socialism, not that it gave impetus to capitalist theory (each can be inferred from the same scientific statement), but that it presents us with one more "mechanically determined" aspect of our experience. Just as Newton's conclusions led to a mechanistic view of living nature, so Darwin's theory leads to a mechanistic view of living nature.

Perhaps the most original of all the essays is "Darwinism in Literature," by Michael Hornyansky. For centuries, poets and authors have written about evolution. But until the publication of the "Origin," their writings in this field were chiefly abstract rather than concrete. Now one must be concerned about what is distinctively human, if anything. This leads him to the further question: how does man in a state of nature differ from man in the so-called cultivated garden of modern civilization? Both are difficult but always challenging problems.

This collection of essays constitutes a significant contribution to the centenary literature. The breadth of its scope does justice to one of the most influential scientific theories of all time.

HELEN HARDY

CANADIAN ANNUAL REVIEW: A Reference Guide and Record edited by John T. Saywell; University of Toronto Press; pp. xviii, 401; \$15.00.

The issue of a *Canadian Annual Review* for 1960 recalls an earlier series of virtually the same name appearing from 1901 to 1937-38 and edited, except for the last issues, by the late J. Castell Hopkins.

The first of the 35 volumes of the Annual was 540 pages in length. It began with Agriculture and ended with Government. There was a section on a Royal Tour and another on the Crown (1901 was the year of Queen Victoria's death). The 1960 volume of the proposed new series, according to its preface, will inform Canadians on subjects from politics to poetry. It is 401 pages in length, begins with Parliament and ends with horse racing.

John T. Saywell, the editor, has taken Parliament and Politics for his field and has assigned the other sections to 21 contributors of academic and journalistic background.

The new *Canadian Annual Review* is more sophisticated in tone and content and less meaty factually than its predecessor. In place of a list of daily newspapers, it carries a perceptive article on Journalism by Wilfred Kesterton discussing the press *vis à vis* its wealthy owners and the other media of mass communication. On the latter (radio and television) there are further articles in both English and French.

Where the older Review gave a list of books in English published in Canada in a given year, the 1960 Review has critical essays, again in English and French, on the year's literary harvest in both languages.

Among other constants in the national life "The Economy" by Douglas Hartle is unique in being dressed up with tables of statistics. This article takes off from the basis of a review of the past decade, examining its pattern of boom and recession. The prognosis for the 60s is not overly rosy.

One third of the Review is given to Life and Leisure. Although trade and industry are depressed, national life in the fields of education, science, and the arts is on the upswing. The picture emerging, especially in the arts, is of an urban culture centred in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver with versions of the same, usually taped, being broadcast by radio and television.

Besides keeping abreast of the constants, the Review offers a record of the variables — the special occurrences like the Bill of Rights, which receives a hard, cold but not unfriendly look from Edward McWhinney. Stripped of its clouds of noble sentiment, this jurist sees the Bill as a statute (not an article of the Constitution) which may find its greatest value as an incentive to the judges of the Supreme Court to sustain those libertarian principles advocated by Mr. Justice Rand, now retired.

The projection of the New Party (C.C.F. and C.L.C.) rates six pages from the editor, J. T. Saywell, and the defeat of the Union Nationale party in Quebec nearly eight pages. The background for the James Coyne and Bank of Canada controversy can be found under "The Economy", but not, of course, the outcome.

Inevitably some of these special happenings can receive only fragmented consideration in an annual. Apartheid policies within the Commonwealth and the Congo crisis, for example, have passed well beyond the point reached in December, 1960.

The idea persistently comes to mind that a year is a short and arbitrary period for dealing with national affairs in an interpretative fashion as this Annual undoubtedly does. A biennial period might offer more range while still keeping to contemporary material. Physically the *Canadian Annual Review* for 1960 is a handsome piece of book making and printing. However another idea persistently comes to mind, namely that those knowledgeable readers who will find it useful and

stimulating might more willingly pay for the Biennial the \$15.00 that looks like a rather large price for the Annual.

JOSEPHINE PHELAN

KENYA: THE TENSIONS OF PROGRESS: Susan Wood; Oxford; pp. 108; \$1.25.

This unpretentious little book succinctly analyses the problem of a successful evolution to independence in Kenya. Written a year ago the book has already been outpaced by events, but as the author has concentrated on a general picture this is no great matter.

Mrs. Wood comments wisely and sympathetically on the problems caused by the telescoping of history in Kenya. With no desire to put the clock back she asserts that the social, economic and political revolution in Africa forces "the modern African . . . to contend with a problem of adaptation to his environment more severe than has probably ever before confronted any human being." Simultaneously the European settler group faces the tremendous task of psychological adjustment to imminent African political power. This overthrow of a racial hierarchy is a difficult pill for the small white aristocracy to swallow, especially when its economic position will be subject to the electoral necessities of African politicians.

The difficulty of stable political leadership in Kenya is enhanced by deep tribal and racial divisions. The progress to independence has not been in the nature of a broadly based thrust as in the case of Ghana and Tanganyika. The author sees an African-led nationalism cutting across internal divisions as the main hope of minimizing racialism and overcoming disruptive tribal loyalties. The real need for Kenya is surely strong and powerful leadership to facilitate the creation of a national feeling and a consequent respect for law and order. The real choice is not between democracy and autocracy but between stability and anarchy. This is recognized by African politicians and the events in the Congo may facilitate its recognition by Europe and America. The author, for example, finds it difficult to see how a two party system can emerge in countries where the main political pre-occupation is the creation of unity and a national feeling among different tribes and races. "Political leaders whose besetting concern is with creating this unity are reluctant or find it impossible to encourage the development of opposition views or organizations."

All in all this is a thoughtful book and the Institute of Race Relations is to be congratulated on its publication at a reasonable price.

A. CAIRNS

THE FRENCH RADICAL PARTY FROM HERRIOT TO MENDES-FRANCE; Francis de Tarr; With a Foreword by Pierre Mendes-France; Oxford University Press; pp. xx, 264; \$5.60.

This is a study for specialists in French political history. The Radicals were certainly the most politically active of all the warring groups in the Third and Fourth Republics, and until Mr. de Tarr's analysis came along it was impossible for most people to make very much of this party label which covered so many opposed forces. French politics is a mystery to knowledge of which few outsiders can ever hope to be admitted. Neatly and with sympathy, this book attempts to lay

TO THE VAINGLORIOUS

When dawn awakes you with her wonderment,
remember you have been the impetus.
And each exquisite impulse you receive
is scenery your heart decided on.
Truth teaches, twice in every twenty-four
Earth turns her back on massive clumps of gas
that have no knowledge of themselves or us.
As they explode, white streams of spilth exude;
diffuse in space and filter through the years.
Soon luminescences alight on us . . .
not that our globe was their elected land
but simply that our route was easiest.

Yet simple things disgust deep-seated man
who asks: "What for? Who for?, unless for me!"
He crawls on, sprawls on, twitters on the sheets
to hoard those ecstasy-producing rays
that spray through windows meant for nothing
else
but luring joy to hedonistic skin.

Mistaken fools! Stop vomiting your dreams!
That heat is from a furnace; not a friend!
Has Earth become so sterile for you all
that you procure your passion from the stars? . . .
then rescue Life from yesterday's remorse
with manufactured mornings? What is dew?
And who says Nature gets 'reborn' each day?
May one infer she spends her evenings dead?
Myopic aesthetes! Trip past this mirage
of sensuous suns and moons that muster love
in gonads geared to do far better jobs!
Have you no time to try reality?
Or would your alter-egos have you believe
the Cosmos runs according to *your* clock?

DAVID NIRENSTEIN

JUST PUBLISHED

by

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

PAUL BUNYAN
THREE LINCOLN POEMS
& OTHER VERSE
with a drawing by
THOREAU MACDONALD

Imited Edition; Price \$3.00 Postpaid

IN THIS VOLUME, the first substantial collection since *THIS GREEN EARTH* in 1953, Arthur S. Bourinot has gathered, not all but many of his poems which have seemed more or less popular (by reason of wide distribution), if that word can be used in connection with poetry, and that have appeared in anthologies and school books in Canada, the U.S.A., the United Kingdom, and other countries. Most of them were included in volumes now out of print. An original drawing by the Canadian artist, Thoreau MacDonald, illustrates the poem, *SHADOWS*. The jacket drawing depicts Paul Bunyan as seen by the author. The book was designed by William Colgate who supervised its production.

Copies may be ordered from the author, Arthur S. Bourinot,
158 Carleton Road, Rockcliffe, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

bare some of the fundamental attitudes characterizing the divided party during the fourteen years that ended with the May 13 revolt and the disastrous elections six months later in November, 1958. It is a considerable achievement to have been able to make the immobilism of Henri Queuille and the opportunism of Edgar Faure seem comprehensible. One may feel that there is just a shade too much indulgence for Papa Herriot whose career was nothing if not mediocre, however sympathetic and honourable the man himself may have been. But partisanship is not a defect of this book. A sound, clear, well-written account based on both public and private sources, it tells more than anyone has so far about the Radicals who, for the most part, "wanted a club, a *rassemblement*, more than a party in the strict sense of the term." Though in decline, though at war with themselves, though temporarily excluded (like all parties) from the game of politics and governance, the Radicals, as Mr. de Tarr implies, still express an important continuing French yearning for an easy-going middle way.

JOHN C. CAIRNS

TALES FROM A TROUBLED LAND; Alan Paton; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 128; \$3.50.

THE SHADOW OF THE DAM; David Howarth; Collins; pp. 192; illustrated.

It is not surprising that six of the ten *Tales From A Troubled Land* should be set within the framework and atmosphere of a reformatory, an environment at once the reflection and the microcosm of South Africa itself. Author Alan Paton is well acquainted with the setting that he uses, having been ten years Head of the Diepkloof Reformatory for African Delinquents, but the "reformatory" stories are unfortunately and somewhat tediously similar in theme and texture. None really approaches the tender and almost "fey" quality of *Cry The Beloved Country* or *Too Late The Phalarope*. The difficulty that the reader experiences in these stories may be with the rigid framework of warden and prisoner within reformatory walls, at times reminiscent of Thomas Mann at his worst, or it may be in the obstacle of accepting the carefree listlessness of the Africans themselves. It is nevertheless unmistakeably difficult for the North American reader to accept or adapt himself to the position of either African delinquent or "European" principal in such stories as "Sponono" or "The Elephant Shooter". And this acceptance is even more difficult in the English-Afrikaaner relationship dealt with in "The Worst Thing In His Life."

Where the true brilliance of Paton's storytelling craft makes itself obvious is in the four other stories which take place outside the prison walls. "Life For A Life" unfortunately portrays the central dilemma of *Cry The Beloved Country* without the delicate sensibility and tender pathos of the novel, as "The Waste Land," with its bitterly ironic conclusion, seems to be a little beyond the gripping picture of *Tsotsi* violence delineated in Fr. Huddleston's *Naught For Your Comfort*.

It is with "Debbie Go Home" and "A Drink In The Passage," both of which have recently appeared in "Africa South," that Mr. Paton's unmistakeable and intangible genius shines through. The first of these is a truly perceptive and luminous exposition within the setting of a family of the difficult and frustrating plight of the Cape Coloreds. Caught in the grip of the racial

laws of South Africa between white and African, it acknowledges its desire for social recognition and prominence in the daughter while refusing the intrinsic inferiority and subservience inherent in such an acceptance in the son. "A Drink In The Passage", however, goes beyond mere brilliance or compassion to supreme and enduring artistry and craftsmanship and that rare and almost apocalyptic moment of perceptivity that Wordsworth has called a "spot of time" and James Joyce an "epiphany." In this story are all the tragic and almost inexpressible elements of the South African dilemma expressed with ultimate tenuousness and sensibility in terms of a single piece of sculpture and its implications. And in it, as much as in his two previous novels, is all Paton's haunting power and lyric genius.

David Howarth's handling of the plight of the Tonga tribe in Rhodesia before, during, and after the building of the Kariba dam has all the factual and historical character interest of a good newspaper serial with some suspense and a plot line added. But it has none of the magic of Paton's short stories, nor perhaps can it be expected to have. *The Shadow of the Dam* is most certainly a competent and adequately written book of its kind, but its kind, however, is more likely to be one which appeals to Unesco officials and colonial missionaries than the average reader. Its political and sociological perceptions and analyses emerge as at once patronising and quasi-philosophical, its heroes, those last *coureurs de bois* of Empire, as a bit too heroic, and its natives as a bit too simple-plain and jolly-jolly for belief.

D. D. CHAMBERS

THESE YEARS

(Swamp—black of nothing, youth, tiresome tireless).

Yesterday walked past
a-Maying carelessly. I thought
today is long; its legs are lean.
I gained one hill, and now
a fossil footprint speaks.
I am old.

Yesterdays white-sharp like suns
that point to light, were mine,
caught in my hand. Beginning,
was wind and words, and spirit loose
as unstrung clouds. Such awkward fingers
placed upon a glistening keyboard
in ivory discord played unlearnedly a life.
I played a life, unlearned to read
unlearnable ways of men.
(Swamp—wander willows;
Youth, an apple fantasy I cannot reconstruct).

Laughter, tears, ambition and sleep
within a melting sun I used
as equal tools. Ingredients of fools
frayed with their good intents.
I watch the etchings made on grass
and float a quiet vocabulary
on each new world of sky.

Composition's harmony is nigh.

VICTOR BORSA

